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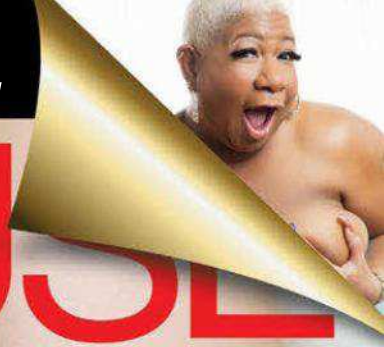

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Chatsworth, CA 91311
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General Media Communications, Inc.
8944 Mason Avenue
Chatsworth, CA 91311

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Founded March 1965 by BOB GUCCIONE

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FROM THE EDITOR

I'VE always been fond of April Fools' Day, and for no good reason. I mean, it's not even a real holiday. Plus, the only way to sorta celebrate it is to trick, lie to, and terrorize friends, family, and strangers–not fresh. So why dedicate an entire month to this lame non-holiday? Great question.

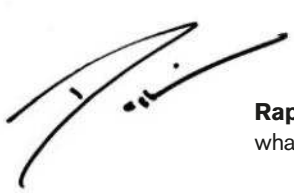
At first, I thought this could be the perfect platform to air my grievances, outrage, and complaints. Poor us, life's unfair, things are different, we lost. *We're the fools! We're the fools!* But then it hit me: The April Fools' issue is an opportunity to push boundaries. All in the name of good, clean, practical fun.

Sure, there are a few little jokes and some April fuckery in this issue…but there's a bigger message here: Sometimes it's okay to deviate from what's expected. Sometimes it's important to take inventory of your boundaries and obliterate them. Sometimes it's liberating to challenge your routine.

I love women. And while I don't have a specific type, I have fallen into the same trap and promoted the same narrow body stereotypes that many other media sources have. Don't worry, we'll get back to our regularly scheduled program soon enough. But today, I acknowledge that I find younger women and older women attractive. I get sprung for a thick girl with curves just as much as a leggy supermodel. Beauty doesn't have rules. Sex appeal doesn't have restrictions.

Have I lost my mind? Maybe. But I couldn't be prouder of this issue.

As always, feel free to let me have it.



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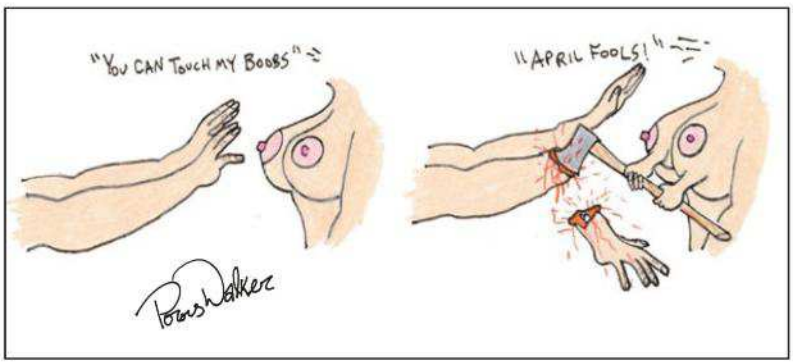

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April Pet of the Month Niki Skyler.

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January 2017 Pet of the Month Naomi Woods

MAIL DOMINANCE

BLOOBIES

Kelly Fitzpatrick, the Blueberry Princess. How old is she? Get her to pose for *Penthouse*. Why? Because you are the only International Magazine for Men.

–Anonymous, via USPS

[Ed: Great call! If anyone has photos of the now 50-year-old Blueberry Princess, please send them to us!]

WOOD SCULPTURE

I love Naomi Woods! I had to buy two copies of her issue. The cover of the first is on my wall. Talk about art! She deserves to be a Pet. I love her arms! I would like to kiss them. Slowly. Your magazines are portable art museums.

–Peter W., via email

[Ed: Yeah! Naomi, Naomi's arms, and the *Penthouse* family all thank you, Peter.]

BEARDED CLAM

I'm amazed I'm actually writing this, but I enjoyed the last two issues when you brought back pubic hair. Then I saw this month's issue at the Barnes and Noble, and the pubic hair is gone. It looks strange to me. Kind of like a clam. Not erotic and exciting like the real women I've known. To heck with you guys! Until you bring back pubic hair, well, I'll just go back to dating real women! A shame. Magazines are so much simpler to deal with.

–Peter H., via email

[Ed: Peter W.'s email game way destroys yours, Peter H.]

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I've hidden a few April Fools gags in this issue. See if you can spot them all!

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SQUAD

1. Mish Barber-Way ("The Wild One") is a freelance writer whose work has been published in the *Los Angeles Times, VICE,* and *Hustler*. She is the sex and relationship columnist in the Vancouver newspaper *Westender,* where she helps people fall out of love with escorts and leave serial cheaters. She also fronts the critically acclaimed punk band White Lung.

2. Name: **Dave Carnie** (Endgame and Rough Text) Measurements: 43D-43-43 | Height: 7' | Weight: 666 lbs. Hair: Brown | Eyes: Green | Piercings: NA | Tattoos: NA DOB: December 5, 1933 | Sign: Sagittarius | Hometown: Los Angeles. About Dave: Dave is a sultry, sexy redhead who loves horseback riding.

3. After 50 years of teaching, **Alan M. Dershowitz** ("Is Porn The New Viagra?") is now professor emeritus at Harvard Law School. He is also the author of 35 books, more than a thousand articles, and numerous blogs. He continues to defend freedom of speech and the rights of criminal defendants. Dershowitz is married to Carolyn Cohen, a clinical psychologist, and has three children and two grandchildren.

4. After college, **Steve Faber** (Washingwood) worked in Washington, D.C., and found the experience highly amusing: politicians communicating in double-speak, occupants of a world governed by ambiguity, fear, and aggressive ambition. He later moved on to show business, writing for TV (a gaggle of sitcoms) and film (*Wedding Crashers* and *We're the Millers*). Having worked in both D.C. and Hollywood, he realized there's not a split-hair difference between them.

5. Matteo Fagotto ("Merchants of Illusion") is an award-winning journalist and writer based in Milan, Italy. Focusing on worldwide social, environmental, and human rights issues, his work has appeared in *TIME, Newsweek, The Guardian, GQ, Wired, Vanity Fair*, and *Marie Claire*. He is the cofounder of Tandem Reportages, together with photographer Matilde Gattoni.

6. For the last two decades, L.A.-based artist **Todd Francis** has created iconic skateboard graphics for companies like Antihero (he created the original Eagle logo), Element, Real, Spitfire, and Stereo. He's also partnered on signature design projects with Vans, Stance, HUF, and Firestone Walker, and his studio art has been shown in galleries around the world. His work has been described as "bleak" and sometimes "funny."

7. Matt Gallagher (Embrace the Suck) is the author of the novel *Youngblood,* published in 2016 by Atria/Simon & Schuster. A U.S. Army veteran of Iraq, he's also the author of the memoir *Kaboom: Embracing the Suck in a Savage Little War,* and coeditor of, and contributor to, the short fiction collection *Fire and Forget*.

8. Jason Johnson. Twenty-one-year veteran in the art industry. Has worked with DC and Marvel comics, *Maxim* and *Stuff* magazines, and Sony Online Entertainment, to name a few. Has drawn properties such as The Flash, Knight Rider, and The Howling. CEO/Creative Director of JKJ Creative. Unstoppable force.

9. Longtime *Penthouse* contributor **Jeff Kamen** ("Fool Me Once") doesn't drink because, as he says, "It messes with my aim." He also says he loves "God, women, dogs, freedom, and good writing." His Special Operations friends call him "the armed liberal."

10. Leah McSweeney (Hot Lines) is founder and CEO of the New York City-based Married to the Mob clothing line. In addition to being a regular contributor to such online publications as Hypebeast, where she offers commentary on streetwear style, motherhood, and mental health, Leah is cohost of the podcast "Improper Etiquette," with hip-hop radio personality Laura Stylez.

11. Author of Vice media's *Skinema,* the only porn-review book in history that fails to review any videos, editor-at-large **Chris Nieratko** (Are You Lonesome Tonight?) brings his evasive literary gag to our monthly sex toy column. For the past 20 years, Chris has written about nothing but sex and skateboarding, boasting, "Because that's all I care about in this life."

12. Jenny Nordback ("Beaten by a Girl") is a retired dominatrix and author of *The Scarlett Letters: My Secret Year of Men in an L.A. Dungeon*. She loves college football, Islay whiskeys, and her husband.

13. Artist and contributor **PEL** is a decorated military veteran turned creative director focused on multimedia art, fashion, graphic design, and brand development for many clothing and sneaker lines, including Uniqlo, Joseph Abboud, and Reebok. He is the author of the *We Were There* art book, a retrospective dedicated to the 25th anniversary of the Nike Air Max 90.

14. Art goon **Porous Walker** is like your penis. He also loves to draw and laugh. He hopes you laugh or don't laugh at his drawings.

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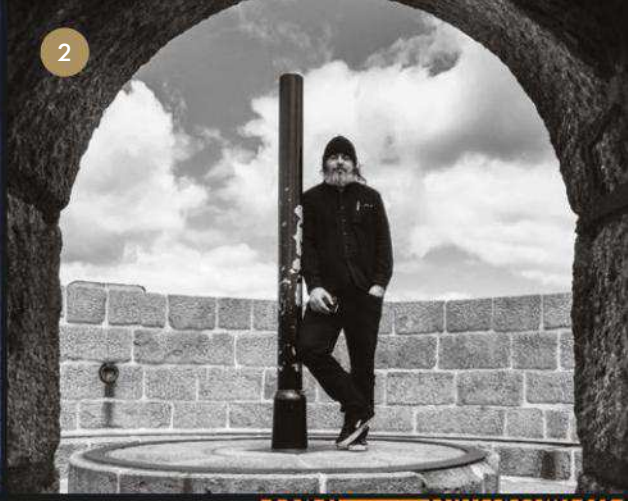
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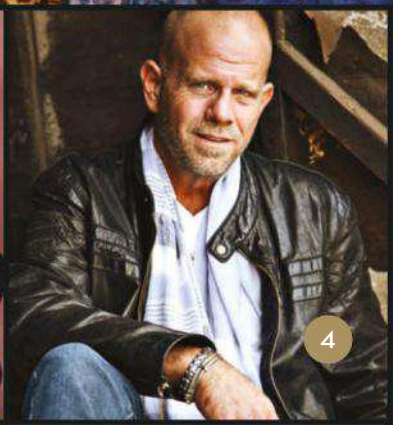
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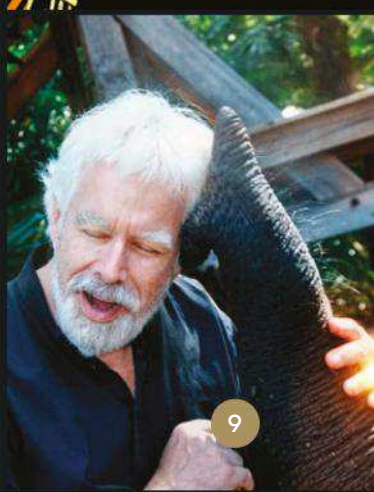
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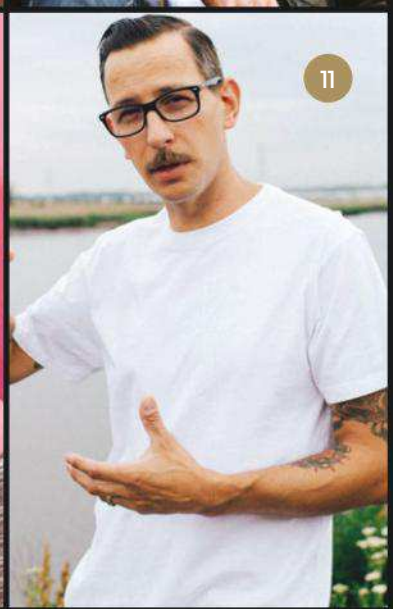
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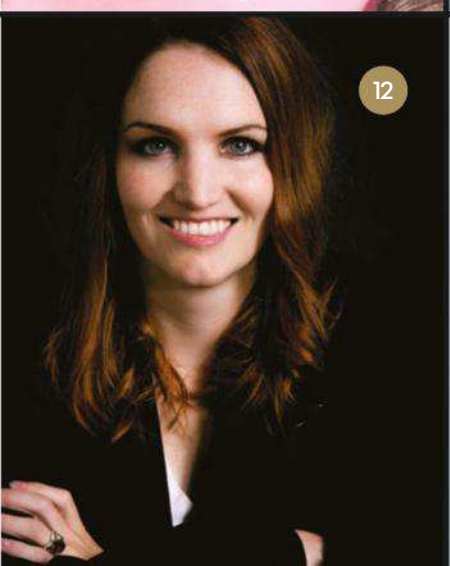
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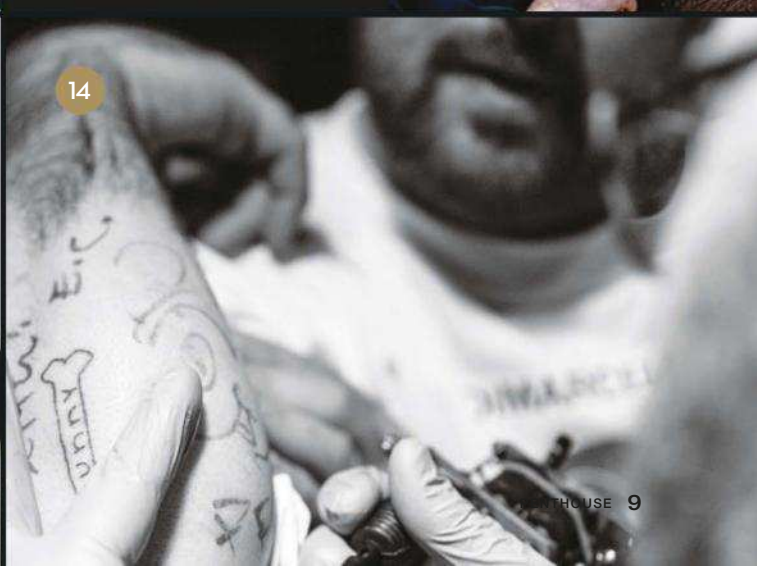
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LETTER OF THE MONTH

APRIL TOOLS

I LIVE in a bustling Texas suburb, but was raised a good ol' country boy. There's a popular honky-tonk bar that I go to on the weekends with great music, a big dance floor, and where the bartenders know me by name.

Saturday night was packed like usual. Standing at the bar was a group of really good-looking gals, but one in particular stood out like a beacon. She was petite with a short blonde bob, thick black eyeliner and candy apple red lipstick, black hot pants, a black velvet jacket showing a bit of cleavage, black stockings, and high heels. My type of gal.

I walked over and asked if I could buy them drinks. "Fuck yeah, you can!" they all yelled in unison. I turned to Eli the bartender and ordered. The shots arrived and the girls lined up at the bar. Putting their arms behind each other's backs, they all bent over and wrapped their lips around the glasses, then stood up and knocked 'em back, downing their drinks in one shot.

I put my hand out to the blonde pixie when she turned around. She took it seductively and thanked me for the drink. I walked her over to the dance floor and scooped her into my arms. "My name is David," I told her. "I'm Kourtney," she said, and we started slow-dancing. Kourtney reached her hands up behind my neck and clasped them at my nape. I looked down into her large hazel cat-eyes, then bent forward and kissed her full, wet lips.

We slow danced for a few minutes and used that time to explore each other's bodies. By the end of the song, we were in full make-out mode. I chewed on her bottom lip and she giggled when she got a taste of my mustache. This chick was a great kisser. And I wanted more. "Shall we go back to my place?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered. "Now."

We said our goodbyes and hopped into a cab to my place. I made us drinks, then we headed to my bedroom to get comfortable. I lit candles and took off my shirt. Kourtney ran her long nails through my chest hair. It felt so good as she scratched them over my nipples, my ribcage, and up and down my stomach. Then she sat on the corner of my bed and started gently sucking on each of my nipples, circling them with her satiny tongue. Hot damn!

I unbuttoned Kourtney's jacket, revealing her black lace bra. In the candlelight I could see the fullness of her B-cups and the outline of her nipples pushing against the fabric. I laid her back on the bed, up against the pillows, and straddled her. Bending down, I kissed her face, ears, down her neck, along her collarbone, ending on her chest and sucking her swollen nipples through her bra.

My dick had been hard all night and I needed to free myself. I unbuttoned my pants and kicked them to the floor, then pulled down my underwear. I sat back on my heels and went to undo Kourtney's shorts. She stopped me. "Aunt Flo is in town, honey," she said, and motioned for me to snuggle up next to her.

Tracing the outline of my rock-hard dick with her fingers, Kourtney asked me if I'd ever had a three-way. I told her no, but that I'd always fantasized about it. "Would it be with a girl and a guy, or with two girls?" she asked. I told her I'd imagined both situations. She asked if I was into any kind of taboo sex. I told her not in real life, but that I liked to watch different kinds of porn. I may look conservative from the outside, but I'm a freak on the inside.

Kourtney then asked what I thought about tranny porn. I'd watched it before and it fascinated me how some of them could look so feminine but have such huge dicks. Then she blurted out that she was a pre-op transsexual who still had full use of her "she-stick."

Wait. What? April Fools, right? But she lifted her legs in the air and I could see the outline of her lady-meat poking through her shorts.

I had to take it in for a second—the most feminine woman I'd ever seen with a dick bigger than mine? What a kinky fucking turn-on, man. And I told her so.

I unbuttoned Kourtney's shorts, pulled them off, and ripped a hole in the crotch of her stockings, exposing her black lace panties. I yanked those off, too. She had a

perfect female form in a way, but was the epitome of masculinity with her nine-inch cock. Mind. Officially. Blown.

Kourtney pushed me onto my back and traced her tongue down my body, kissing my hip bones and thighs. Cupping my balls, she gently sucked and licked them, then put them in her mouth. Working her way to my taint, she pushed my knees back and told me to hold them there. Using her fingernails, she scratched up and down my stomach and along the backs of my legs. She then grabbed a pillow and put it under my ass and started tonguing my taint while gently squeezing my ball sac. With her other hand, she grabbed my base and engulfed her lips around my swollen prick, which was like a missile that was about to blast the hell off.

I was shaking, trying to hold back an orgasm–begging her to slow down. "Whoa…whoa…whoa…."

"Sit up," she said, and I made myself comfortable against the headboard. Standing over me, she braced her left hand against the wall and kneeled down, grabbed her chick-stick, and started stroking herself. Rubbing the head against my lips, she wiped her pre-come across them. It was sweet but salty. She pushed further, filling my mouth to capacity. I gagged, she pulled back, and I opened my mouth again. Relaxing some more, I was able to suck on her lady-stick, but not all the way down to the base.

There was one more thing I wanted to try. I grabbed some lube and asked Kourtney what the best position for anal sex was. "Missionary," she said. "Knees to your chest."

I HAD TO TAKE IT IN FOR A SECOND—THE MOST FEMININE WOMAN I'D EVER SEEN WITH A DICK BIGGER THAN MINE?

I assumed the position–knees to chest, while Kourtney dribbled the lube on my balls and ass. Then she put some on her finger and started playing with my butthole, gently inserting one, then two fingers. All the while, she never stopped playing with my dick.

Kourtney slid her cock along my taint, resting the tip against my manhole…and started rocking back and forth…inching her way in. I took a deep breath as she pushed past my constricting muscles with a slow but steady thrust. My whole body tensed up. Kourtney stayed motionless and told me to take some more deep breaths. She gently pulled the tip of her dick out of my ass. After the burn subsided, she went back in. It definitely felt better the second time around.

Kourtney followed the same steps, rocking her cock slowly in and out of my butt, until she got it a third of the way in. She worked my butthole while jerking my cock until I couldn't take it anymore.

"Come on, baby, shoot your load on me," she purred while fucking my ass with her huge stick and jerking my cock faster. Suddenly I tensed in her hands and erupted like a volcano, shooting thick streams of come into the air, in her face, on her tits. I've never come like that before in my life…but I might have since.

–David G., Galveston, Texas

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Seeing is believing. When you've had the encounter you've been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to: *Penthouse* magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email us at letters@penthouse.com.

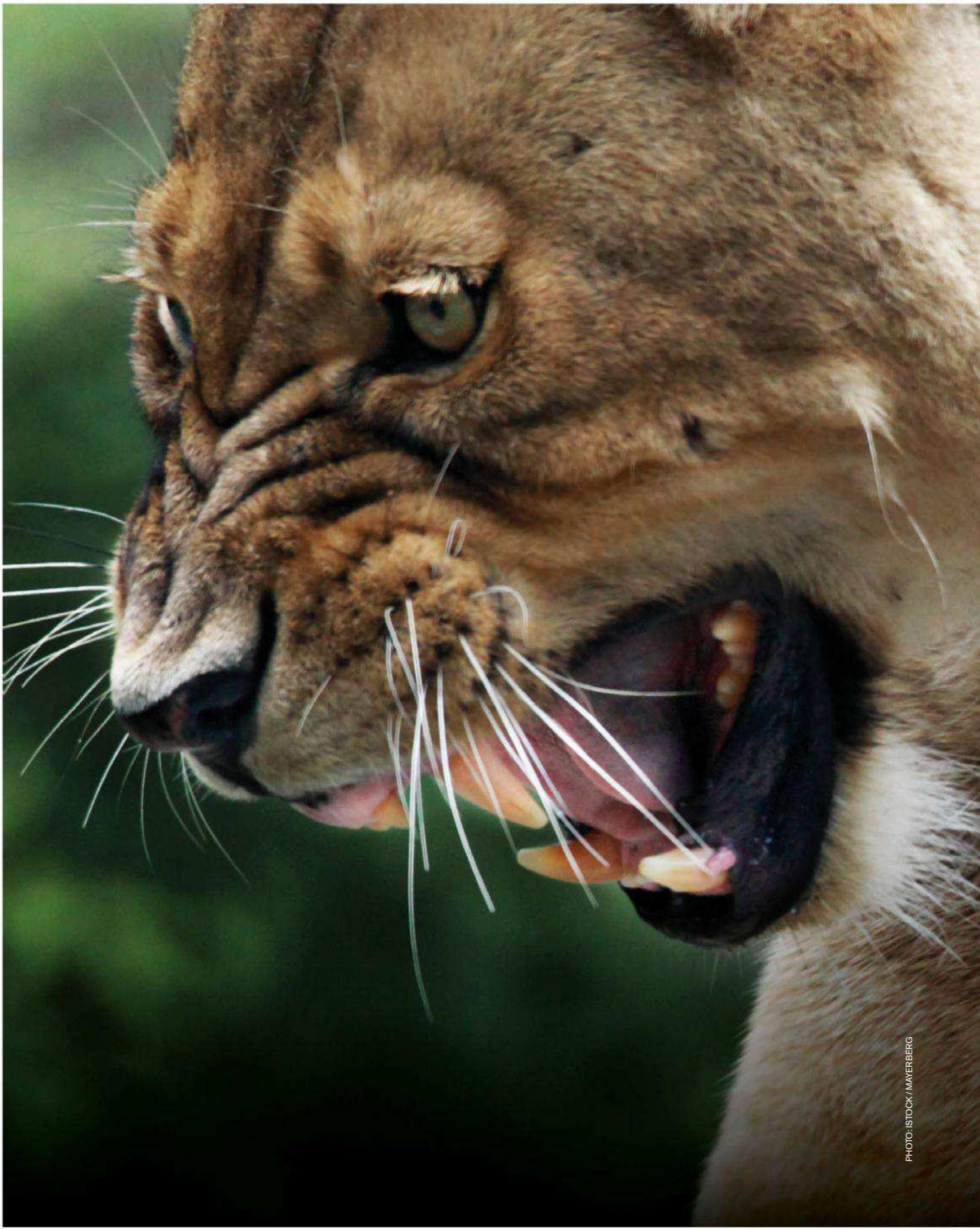
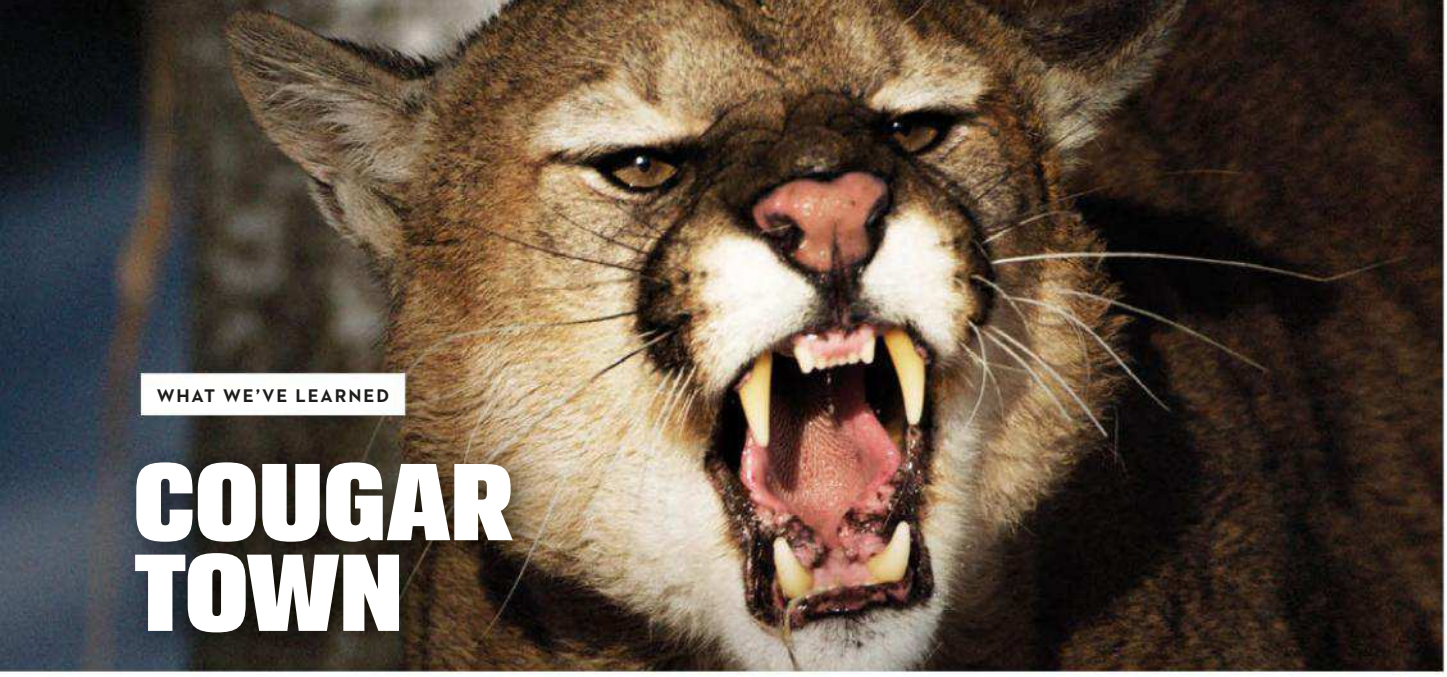


PHOTO: ISTOCK / MAYERBERG

MAN VS COUGAR

CANUCK GETS IN A FISTFIGHT WITH A FUCKING COUGAR, AN ITALIAN ACTRESS GOES ON A BLOWJOB TOUR, AND A WOMAN USES ASPARAGUS TO SEE THE FUTURE.



WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

COUGAR TOWN

EVERYBODY loves cougars, right? Sexy, middle-aged women wrapped in tight dresses, seducing younger men—we don't imagine many guys would complain about that.

Actual cougars—as in the big, badass cat—can be a little less enjoyable however, as one Canadian man from Red Deer, Alberta, would attest.

William Gibb, 31, stopped off at a Tim Hortons (think Dunkin' Donuts, with super-polite cashiers) in central Alberta during the predawn darkness in late December. After letting his two dogs out of his truck for a bathroom break, he went inside for some coffee. Moments later, hearing one of the dogs cry in pain, he bolted back outside.

Sprinting into a fringe of woods beside the parking lot, Gibb saw a good-sized animal wrestling with his five-year-old husky, Sasha. Thinking it might be a coyote, he did as any red-blooded Canadian would do and punched the assailant in its furry head.

The predator backed off, snarling. Which is when Gibb realized he'd clocked a cougar.

As the animal took some swipes at him, Gibb counterpunched, shouting for backup. To buy time for Sasha to limp away, Gibb, an electrical subcontractor, picked up a large branch and swung it back and forth, yelling, and before long the cougar sprang into a tree.

Help eventually arrived, the dogs were rounded up, and the Mounties were called.

He wasn't scared to come to the defense of his dog, Gibb told the Canadian press. "It was all about protecting her," he added. He was unhurt in the tussle, but Sasha required treatment for gashes, cuts, and puncture wounds to her throat. Don't worry…she's doing fine.

So take heed, cougars of Canada: Mess with a guy's dog in the Great White North, and you might have a real fight on your paws.

BRO JAM

A SENIOR police official in England proposed that juvenile delinquents charged with cyber crimes be fitted with a Wi-Fi jammer around their wrists or ankles rather than be sentenced to a prison term.

Chief Superintendent Gavin Thomas, president of the Police Superintendents' Association, believes the plan will save money and be more effective than traditional sentencing in deterring criminal behavior in young people.

In addition to being expensive (an estimated £38,000 yearly per inmate), Thomas argues current punishments have failed to keep up with technological progress.

"We have got to stop using 19th-century punishments to deal with 21st-century crimes," he told London's *Telegraph*. "If you have got a 16-year-old who has hacked into your account and stolen your identity, this is a 21st-century crime, so we ought to have a 21st-century methodology to address it."

We think Superintendent Thomas is onto something with this notion of unplugging pimply faced cyber-scofflaws.

Imagine the chill a teen would feel if they knew online misdeeds would result in exile from texting, Facebook, Snapchat, Instagram, etc. These are internet users who would rather be sentenced to a latter-day Alcatraz or hard labor in Siberia—as long as they could post their status every other minute.

Superintendent Thomas also proposes that the Wi-Fi jammer be complemented with education and awareness programs addressing online behavior. Research shows such approaches are more effective than incarceration at keeping juveniles out of trouble.

But why stop there? We'd also advocate use of the jammer be extended to any dude who takes selfies with Snapchat's dog filter.

PHOTO: ISTOCK / JIMKRUGER

HARD TO STOMACH

WHEN it comes to fucked-up medical stories—like some next-level-shit type of crazy—a few parts of the world seem to have a leg up on others. But surprise! This story doesn't have anything to do with a Florida man.

Ma Van Nhat is a 54-year-old Vietnamese man whose on-and-off stomach pains (diagnosed as an ulcer) turned out to be caused by medical forceps left inside his abdomen during emergency surgery following a car accident.

That car accident happened in 1998. The forceps were discovered late last year. Nhat lived with six-inch steel tongs in his breadbasket for eighteen years!

The instrument appeared on an X-ray taken when Nhat again complained of abdominal issues. It had degraded into two pieces, both lodged in the stomach wall.

Nhat is forceps-free now. And Vietnamese authorities say they're investigating what happened back in 1998, hoping to track down the genius who somehow overlooked the large, gleaming hardware sitting inside his patient as he sewed him up.

Goofs of a similar nature have happened in other countries, of course. Gauze and even scissors (ouch) have been left inside patients. But it doesn't normally take eighteen years to set things straight. The case joins a list of recent Vietnamese medical mishaps. Just in the past year, doctors have operated on wrong limbs twice and diagnosed three men as pregnant.

So if you're ever over in the Land of Hope and Prosperity (we're not sure if that's an actual nickname), enjoying the sights and delicious food, for fuck's sake, stay healthy.

A BLOW FOR NO

THE gorgeous Italian actress and model who promised blowjobs to all men who voted "No" in her country's recent referendum began the new year claiming she would embark on a national fellatio tour to make good on her pledge.

A self-described "woman of her word," Paola Saulino, 27, announced tour dates in ten Italian cities, urging interested males to fill out a booking form if they voted no.

(After checking her Instagram account, we really want to believe this is legit. Go ahead and take a look at her page. You'll see what we mean, and you will thank us.)

Publicity stunt? Too good to be true? Skeptics are contending the "Pompa Tour" (*pompa* is an Italian word for oral sex) will never come to fruition. A contingent of her Instagram followers is demanding she post photographic evidence to prove she's not all talk.

UPDATE! As of late January, Saulino had blown nearly 400 of her "No" men, after 59 percent of the electorate voted against Italian Prime Minister Matteo Renzi's constitutional reforms. This news was announced at the end of the "first leg" of her tour, which began in Rome on January 7 and ended in Palermo on the 21st. Saulino admitted to feeling "tired," "stressed," and to be suffering from jaw pain.

Stay strong, Paola—you've only got 19.4 million men to go!

PHOTO: ISTOCK / FANGXIANJUO PHOTO: PAOLA SAULINO

JESUS H. TOLKIEN

FOR years, an elderly Brazilian woman mistakenly prayed to a miniature figure of a magical character from *The Lord of the Rings*.

Apparently the woman thought the elfin figurine was Saint Anthony, patron saint of the poor, when in fact it was Elrond, the half-elf, half-human Lord of Rivendell, played by Hugo Weaving in the Peter Jackson-directed films.

When her great-granddaughter Gabriela Brandão discovered the mix-up, she did what any other 21st-century young woman would do—she posted photos of the three-inch model on her Facebook page above the caption "Funniest discovery of 2016."

Ms. Brandão's first attempt to enlighten her pious relation did not go the way she'd hoped.

"She didn't understand at first," the freelance makeup artist told Buzzfeed.

But a follow-up effort worked, and tiny Elrond was replaced with an actual St. Anthony figure.

In the meantime, the prayerful Brazilian's *doh!* went viral on Facebook.

Elrond, in the words of his creator J.R.R. Tolkien, is "noble and fair as an elf-lord, as strong as a warrior, as wise as a wizard, as venerable as a king of dwarves, and as kind as summer."

Clad in a long robe with a small crown, Elrond does have a saintly vibe. Except, of course, for the pointy ears.

FOREIGN FINDS

2017 has already been a busy year for ufologists hoping to find proof of extraterrestrial life. Multiple UFO sightings have been reported across the globe, and a large, spooky, clawlike hand turned up in a cave outside the ancient city of Cusco, near Machu Picchu in Peru. The three-fingered discovery was joined by an odd, elongated skull found nearby.

Or so say individuals touting these finds, including Minnesota-born Brien Foerster, an author, paranormal researcher, talking head on *Ancient Aliens,* and operator of a local tour company. Foerster and his team suggest the claw—over eight inches long and containing more bones than our hands—points to a mysterious humanoid creature, either an alien or a strange human ancestor.

We hope they're right. We want to believe. Who wouldn't want to confirm there was once a bizarre space-creature hiking the Inca Trail, eating ceviche, and wearing a toasty *chullo*?

Foerster says X-ray testing and other methods have determined the hand and skull are "genuine biological objects," composed of bone with traces of skin tissue. And apparently these finds will receive further testing in the U.S. soon.

So stay tuned, *Ancient Aliens* fans. Maybe that claw will get us terrestrials one step closer to the truth out there.

Then again, maybe it's all a bunch of *vicuña* shit.

PHOTO: © 2001 NEW LINE PRODUCTIONS, INC. PHOTO: ISTOCK / LPETTET

BLOTTO METRICS

THE Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas is the best place for tech companies to show off their latest gadgets to tech-lusting civilians in search of their next new toy.

One product caught our eye at the January 2017 show—not least because it involves alcohol, something we have been known to indulge in on occasion.

The Proof wearable alcohol sensor is a wristband that looks like a Fitbit that tells you how drunk you are.

By sensing booze molecules in skin perspiration, the Proof sends information to your phone, graphing your blood alcohol content over time. It also provides an estimate of how long it would take you to sober up, partly calculated on when you had that first sip.

Evan Strenk, founder of Milo Sensors, launched the company at the Vegas show, a milestone that followed Milo's winning of a cash prize from the government's National Institutes of Health.

The device is comparable to a Breathalyzer in terms of measuring precision, Strenk points out, and with its convenience has far greater consumer potential. Think about it: If given a choice between wearing this wristband or busting out a Breathalyzer in front of your dinner date after a whole lot of wine, which avenue would you choose?

Proof could end up saving lives, letting tipplers know exactly how not-sober they are.

On a lighter note, we can see its utility when you're out for a big night with your buddies. The app allows you to share the inebriation data. In other words, there is now a scientific way to establish who's the most shitfaced in your group.

NOSTRASPARAGUS

A BRITISH woman claims she can predict the future via asparagus, flipping the vegetable into the air and interpreting the way it lands. "Reading the spears," she calls it.

Lately we've seen a number of psychics insisting they can see what's to come via unorthodox methods. A few months ago, we reported on a Chinese man who has no need for tarot cards or a crystal ball. He glimpses the future by running his hands over the breasts of young women.

But asparagus-tossing? This might be even weirder.

Jemima Packington, 61, aka the "Asparamancer" and "Mystic Veg," contends she has been using asparagus to soothsay since she was eight years old, a talent inherited from her grandmother, who was a whiz at reading tea leaves.

Unsurprisingly, Packington is a hit at the British Asparagus Festival, where she does up to fifty readings a day. Her many return customers say her predictions are uncannily accurate.

Skeptical?

Well, before you write her off, check out her 2017 predictions and see how she did at year's end:

- **The U.S. will be seen as a pariah under the presidency of Donald Trump**
- **Brexit will go ahead despite efforts of those wishing to derail it**
- **Other countries will follow the U.K.'s example and apply to withdraw from the European Union**
- **The Royal Family will face troubled times**
- **Sports scandals will mushroom, with high-profile figures falling from grace**
- **Several EU countries will experience upheaval following the exits of prominent leaders**
- **A major review of the U.K.'s education system will be undertaken**

Granted, these all seem a bit generic.

We brought some asparagus into the *Penthouse* office, hoping to predict the Final Four. But we just ended up making a bunch of pee-pee jokes and then got back to "work."

PHOTO: ISTOCK / ALFONSO90 PHOTO: ISTOCK / BASSLABBERS

CHINORITY REPORT

CHINA'S new credit-rating system is kinda freaky.

Imagine if everything you did was tracked, documented, and used to ensure you behaved well as a citizen. This is exactly what China may soon be like, turning the country into a present-day Philip K. Dick story.

The social credit system, currently in testing, will record the online activity, shopping transactions, utility use, public transportation rides, social media patterns, and other habits of Chinese citizens. The information will then be used to assign each citizen a score based on political, commercial, social, and legal "credit." As you might guess, the score will have real-life ramifications, dictating what people can and cannot do.

The system is being piloted in Hangzhou. The Communist Party wants it up and running nationwide by 2020, with government jurisdictions across China collecting digital information about their residents' behavior in numerous spheres.

The official line? The system is meant to encourage good behavior. With an echo of Michel Foucault's all-seeing panopticon, the operation is grounded in the idea that if you know you're being watched, you're less inclined to misbehave. Those who fall short of appropriate ratings will face travel restrictions, credit constraints, and more. Fare cheating, jaywalking, and violating family-planning rules all can incur black marks on your record.

One woman, Chen Li, accidentally swiped her son's half-fare student card while entering the Hangzhou subway. She earned a small fine, but was also warned that she may be docked points in her city's "personal credit information system." A score decline could affect her ability to secure bank loans, jobs, and her son's school admission, the *Wall Street Journal* reported. And if her score dropped further, there could be additional steps taken, such as subjecting her to random inspections and daily supervision.

Scary? Yup. "China is moving towards a totalitarian society, where the government controls and affects individuals' private lives," said Beijing-based novelist and social commentator Murong Xuecun (a pen name). "This is like Big Brother, who has all your information and can harm you in any way he wants."

Is it really possible to keep track of 1.3 billion citizens? China is determined to find out.

HOT METH

A TEXAS man was recently cleared of drug charges after being wrongly arrested for possession of methamphetamine.

Police outside Houston pulled him over for a traffic offense, smelled marijuana in the car, and discovered a sock filled with a substance that driver Ross LeBeau, 24, allegedly did not identify. Testing indicated methamphetamine. LeBeau was booked and jailed, with the Harris County Sheriff's office releasing a statement suggesting that the arrest "may have kept our children and loved ones from being introduced to drugs."

Just one problem. The substance was a half pound of kitty litter, stored in the sock to reduce windshield fogging, as LeBeau later explained (his dad swears by this method). The test was faulty, obviously, and LeBeau was released after three days in the pokey.

"They thought they had the biggest bust in Harris County," LeBeau recalled. "This was the bust of the year for them. I was wrongly accused. I'm going to do everything in my power to clear my name."

How could cops mistake kitty litter for meth? Why didn't LeBeau just tell them what was in the fucking sock? Does kitty litter really help with windshield fog?

So many questions.

PHOTO: ISTOCK / YESTOCK

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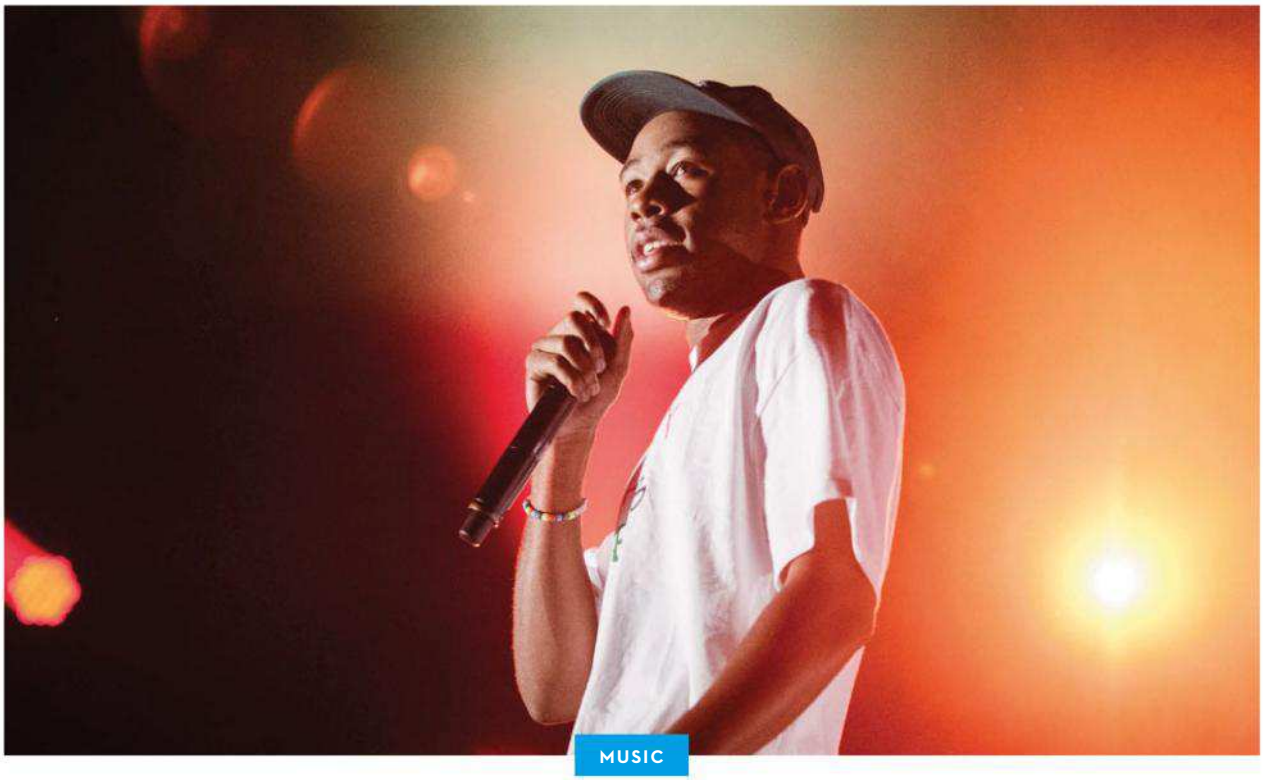


MUSIC

TYLER, THE PRANKSTER

DEPENDING on who you ask, "Who is Tyler, the Creator?" will generate a variety of responses. Yes, he's a rapper and an artist. But he's also misogynistic and a homophobe–at least according to some. He has a tendency to piss off old white people and feminists with startling consistency; whether intentional or as a by-product of his colorful use of language is for you to decide.

One thing is certain, however: There are few jokesters as prolific as Tyler, the Creator.

Rolling Stone journalist Ernest Baker was all set to go on tour with Tyler and his crew. However, when he arrived at Tyler's tour bus, he was stonewalled by a large Samoan bodyguard.

"Sorry, you can't come in here," Tyler, the Creator's bodyguard, Vill, said. "There's a no-pants policy on the bus."

After refusing to take his pants off, Baker was given a peek inside. Sure enough, everyone was in their boxers.

"Fuck it," he said. Baker depantsed and climbed aboard.

Inside the bus, Tyler was filming him. Everyone was laughing.

"This nigga really took off his pants!" Tyler cried.

SHIT TYLER SAYS

"Rape a pregnant bitch and tell my friends I had a threesome."

Reporter (old white guy): What about your lyrics?

Tyler: What about 'em?

R: What are you saying in your lyrics?

T: Nothing. Shit to piss old white people off like you.

"Geek, fag, stupid loser, find a rope to hang."

The rap prodigy, who counts among his friends Pharrell Williams, Kanye West, and Seth Rogen, commands a global cult following. His fired-up supporters love him because he says shit you can't say. They sell out his shows. They wear his label, Golf Wang. Tyler, the kid who pisses everybody off, is a worldwide enterprise.

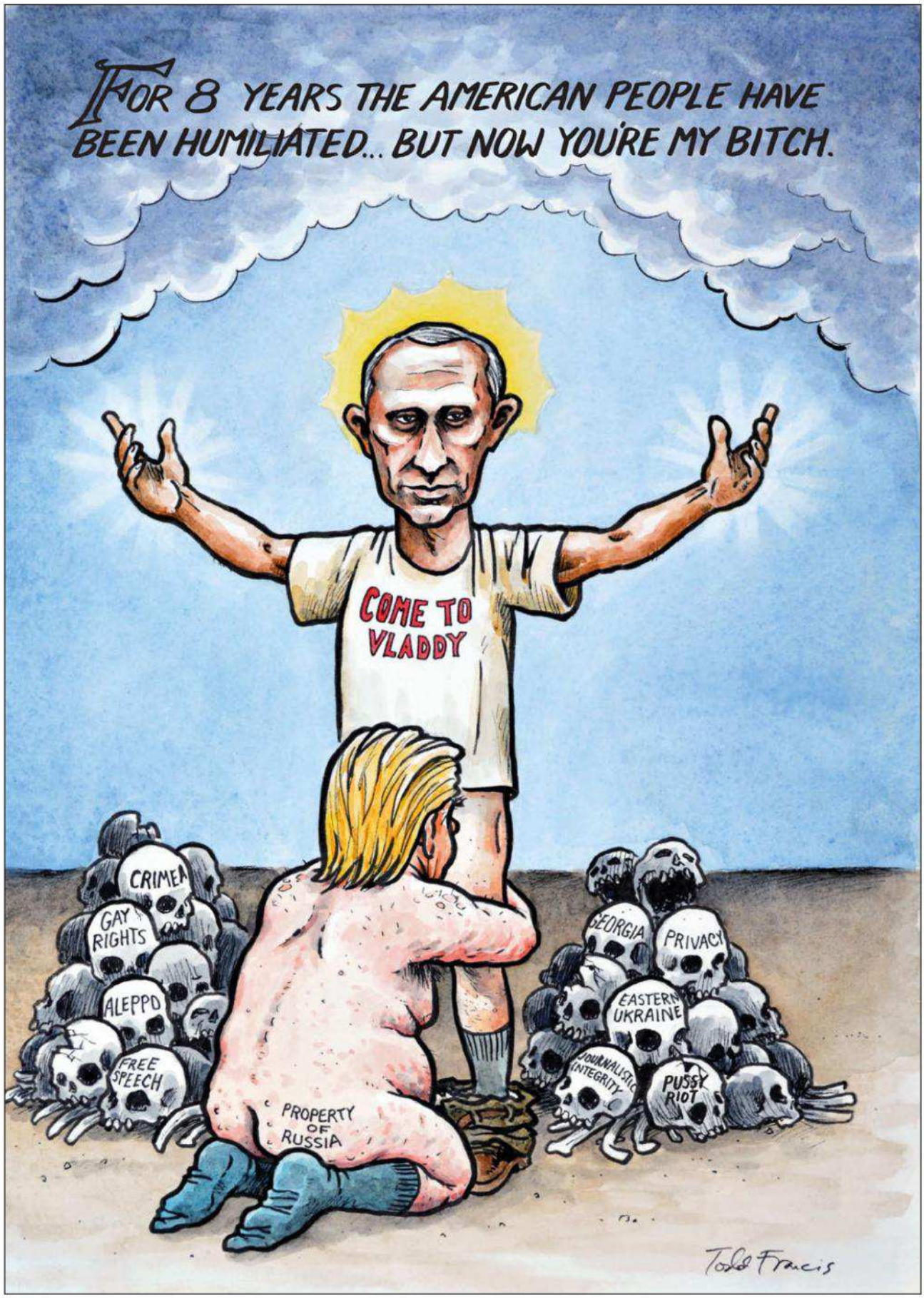
As he shadowed the superstar, Baker witnessed Tyler encourage drug dabblers to "stop being a bitch" and "shoot heroin up," screaming, "The Molly's kicking in!" while having a fake seizure on the floor.

It's antics like this that have helped Tyler gain rabid fans on multiple continents. They have also landed him in trouble. In 2015, he was banned from entering Britain for posing "a threat to the public order and the public interest" (they were citing a riot he started and got arrested for the previous year at South by Southwest). And this wasn't the first time.

In June 2013, Collective Shout, an Australian feminist group, pushed to have him banned from entering their country. In response, during a show, Tyler called Collective Shout member Talitha Stone a "fucking bitch," a "fucking whore," and a "fucking cunt." Talitha was present. Surprisingly, she didn't take kindly to it and filed a police report for verbal abuse. In response, Tyler had this to say: "Instead of banning me from a country, why don't you just make sure the kids don't go to the show, you dumbass? Is that hard?"

How far can you take a joke before you've gone *too* far? Is a prank still a prank if people get offended? In the wise words of Tyler, the Creator, "It's just a word… people get offended too easily."

IMAGES: GETTY IMAGES / EMMA MCINTYRE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Todd Francis

MAN OF THE MOMENT

HANKSY

HAVE you noticed that life in America seems like a bad joke these days? Yeah, us too. Which makes New York City street artist Hanksy seem like a cultural fucking bellwether.

You see, it all started as a bad joke.

Back in 2011, the anonymous law school dropout—rumored by *New York* magazine to be Adam Himebauch, son of a retired FBI agent—had a funny idea. He liked the subversive British street artist Banksy, known for his satirical graffiti; he also liked Tom Hanks movies. So, using basic computer software, he downloaded the famous Banksy image of a rat holding a paint roller, replaced the rat's face with a cartoon image of Hanks, crossed out the artist's tag and signed it "Hanksy." He then pasted a cutout of his mashup onto a building in NYC's Little Italy, posted a photo of it on Instagram and Twitter, emailed it to the street-art website Wooster Collective, and went to sleep. "And then it went viral," he told the *New York Times*. "I remember counting at the time that it had been tweeted to four or five million accounts."

Hanksy the artist was born.

His work began appearing around New York, as well as in cities like Detroit, Philadelphia, Chicago, and L.A.: Bruce Willis holding a stack of pizzas boxes with the tagline "Pie Hard"; Al Pacino's face plastered on the image of a bikini-clad woman with the caption "Gal Pacino." Then there was "Cage Against the Machine" and "The Walken Dead" (we'll let you guess who and what those were). And our personal favorites: "Turd on a Wire" features Kim Kardashian's face on a bird sitting on a tree branch; and in an ode to her better half, "Kanye Brest" depicts two smiling Kanye mugs on a pendulous pair of boobs.

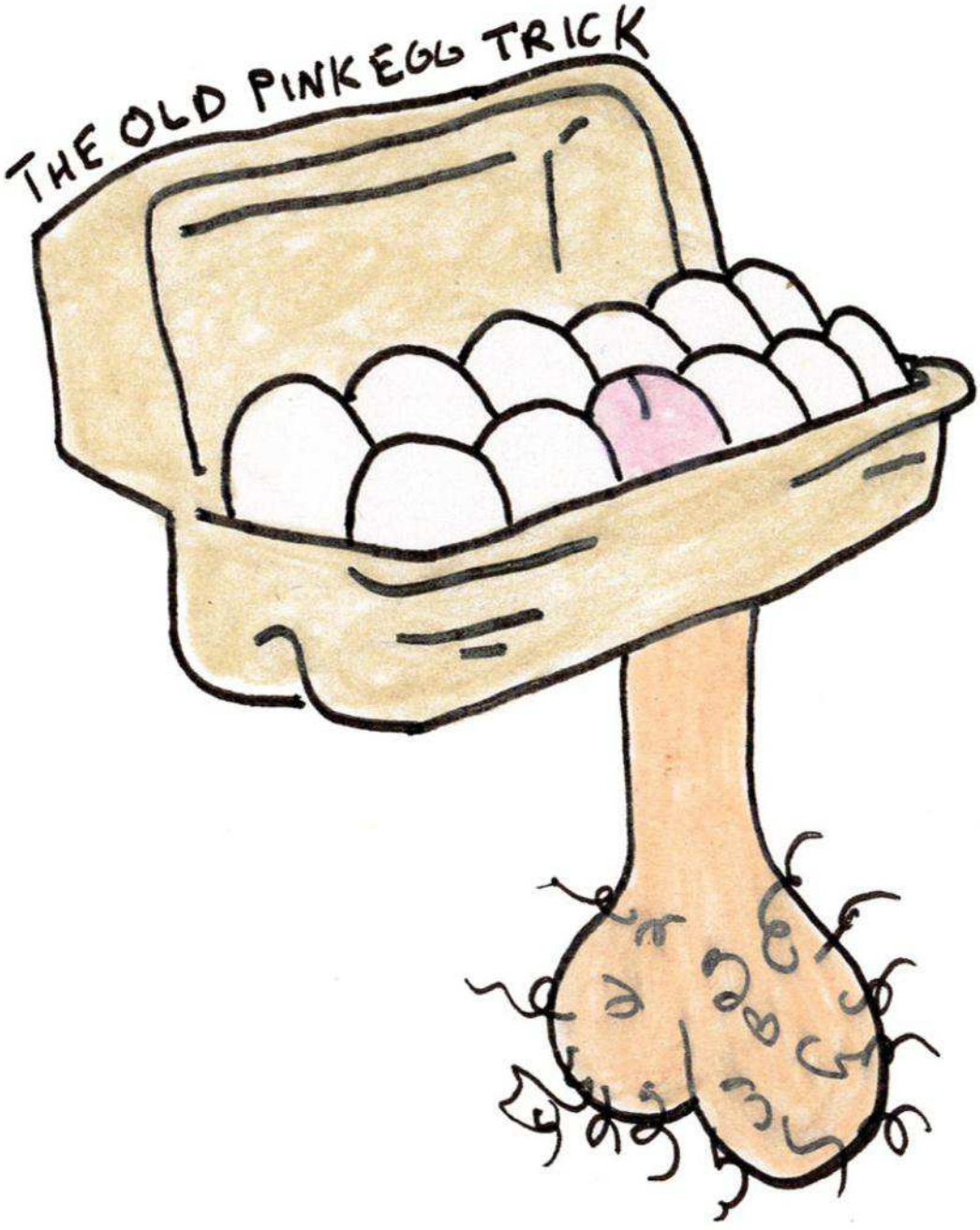
No public figure is immune to satire, and certainly some are more mock-worthy than others. It's all part of the fun, and Hanksy was having a field day, posting his mashups and organizing interactive exhibitions and group installations around the country. But in the summer of 2015, the artist found his muse.

Not long after the embarrassment now known as President Donald J. Trump announced his candidacy in the lobby of his Manhattan tower, further downtown, on the facade of a Lower East Side building, Hanksy painted a mural of a pile of shit with Trump's irate face and signature haystack coiffure and eyebrows. And buzzing flies, of course, because flies love poop. "The mural was a joke, and so was Trump," Hanksy said. "Unfortunately the punchline never came and it's scary as hell."

The mural, known as "Dump Trump," quickly went viral, and as the Golden One's campaign gained momentum, Hanksy launched a "Dump Across America" tour, selling anti-Trump yard signs, bumper stickers, protester flags, buttons, and coffee mugs. "I've always respected that the right image can sway someone," he told *Business Insider*. "And I know this is a cartoon piece of imagery—when it comes down to it, it's just a turd—but there are layers to it."

Sadly, the mural was painted over in January by the building's owners. "It was a shit mural anyways," Hanksy said in response to its whitewashing. "However, if anyone has a nice giant wall—preferably in direct view of 725 5th Ave. [aka Trump Tower]—I'd be happy to paint it again."

Follow Hanksy @hanksynyc


THE OLD PINK EGG TRICK
Porous Walker

CRUSH

GILLIAN JACOBS

Gillian (pronounced with a hard "G") Jacobs, the latest revelation from the stable of Judd Apatow discoveries, is in the popular Netflix series *Love,* which just launched its second season, on March 10.

Though Jacobs may be unfamiliar to mainstream audiences, this 34-year-old Pittsburgh native has been acting most of her life. "It all started because I had no friends and was talking to myself on the playground in elementary school," she says. "The teacher called my mom and said she should put me in an extracurricular activity."

In 2006, Jacobs drew accolades for her role as a rape victim in the off-off-Broadway play *Cagelove.* The *New York Times* called her "a stunning Juilliard graduate who has the glow of a star in the making." On the big screen, however, it was a different story: In 2007, she was cast as a junkie in the film *Blackbird,* a stripper in the 2008 indie *Choke,* and in 2013 she starred in the gory comedy *Bad Milo,* about a skateboarding demon made of intestines that enters the world by exiting the lead character's ass.

Luckily, on the small screen, Jacobs found her niche. In 2009, she landed the role of ex-anarchist Britta Perry in NBC's *Community,* the irreverent meta-comedy about a Colorado community college. The show had enough of a cult following to keep it alive for six seasons. The year it ended, in 2015, Jacobs scored a small but fortuitous role in Lena Dunham's *Girls,* as Adam's crazy performance-artist girlfriend, Mimi-Rose.

It was these oddball characters that caught the attention of Apatow and writer/producer Paul Rust, who were in the process of developing *Love.* In fact, Rust wrote the lead character, Mickey, with Jacobs in mind. Apatow and Rust called her for a meeting and cast her on the spot.

Love is Jacobs's first leading role ("the queen of eating shit," as Mickey describes herself), and she totally carries it. The series follows the unlikely pairing of two very different characters, Mickey and Gus (played by Rust). It's a dark, edgy, and unpredictable show that has people hooked, in part because of its relatability: the awkward, fragile nature of new relationships; how partners can totally fuck up and still end up together.

Of course the best part of the show is Jacobs. Whereas Gus is a straight-out nerd, Mickey is a wild-child alcoholic sex addict whose personal life is a hot mess. Her sarcasm and deadpan humor are both hilarious and certifiable.

But this ain't no method acting on Jacobs's part; in fact, her off-screen persona couldn't be more different. She admits she's never had a drink, and in her "down time" at Juilliard, she studied ancient Greek philosophy and American literature at Harvard and the University of Chicago: "Purely for my own interest," Jacobs told *The Guardian*.

"Maybe I have more edge on-screen," she continued. "My friends find it funny. They're like, 'Why do they want you for that?' It's just not what I'm up to in my real life."

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / AMY GRAVES

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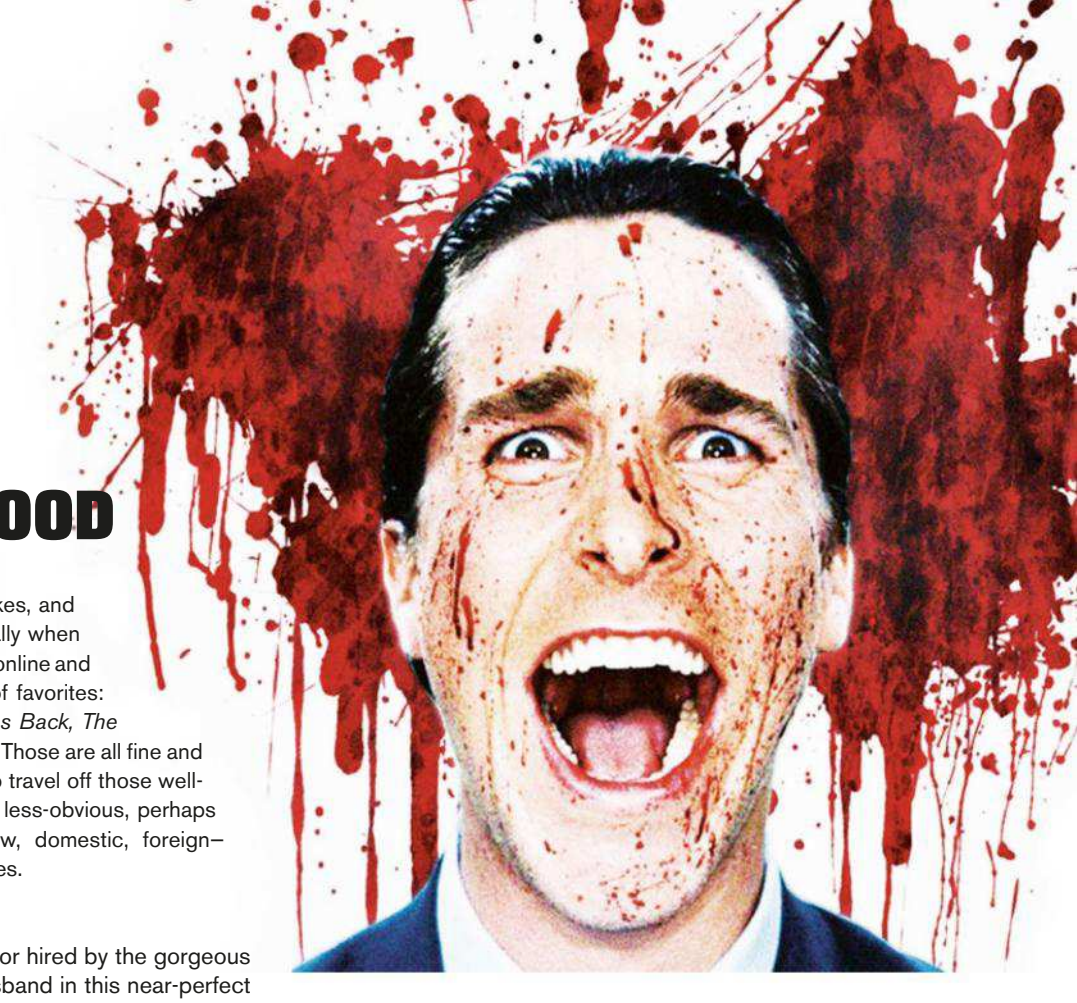
FILM

FILMS THAT FOOLED US GOOD



WE all love plot twists, sick jokes, and fucking with people, especially when it comes to our movies. Look online and you'll get the standard list of favorites: *Planet of the Apes, The Empire Strikes Back, The Usual Suspects, The Sixth Sense,* etc. Those are all fine and good, but we think it's way more fun to travel off those well-worn paths and seek out some of the less-obvious, perhaps even better films. Highbrow, lowbrow, domestic, foreign–there's something here for all you sickies.

CHINATOWN (1974)

Jack Nicholson is a private investigator hired by the gorgeous Faye Dunaway to investigate her husband in this near-perfect crime thriller. Roman Polanski's film begins with a story about water rights in 1930s Los Angeles, but with each new plot twist delves into darker, more insidious territory.

SLEEPAWAY CAMP (1983)

This bloody, low-budget slasher filled with bratty pubescents and some hilariously creative murders scared the living shit out of us when we were young, and the insanely weird ending made it one of the most memorable genre films of the 1980s.

BLOOD SIMPLE (1984)

Pretty much every Coen brothers film is predicated on bizarre plot twists, which is part of what makes them so great. *Blood Simple* is their first feature–a fantastic neo-noir thriller about a wealthy bar owner who hires a slimy investigator to spy on his wife–that's anything but simple.

ANGEL HEART (1987)

Mickey Rourke used to be the shit, before he got his face beaten to a pulp in the boxing ring. He's still in his prime here, playing Harry Angel, a mealy private eye hired by the shady Louis Cyphre (Robert De Niro) to track down a deadbeat singer named Johnny Favorite. The film's controversial ending totally messed with people when it was released. Watch it and see why.

THE CRYING GAME (1992)

One of the first mainstream films to deal with transgenderism, this daring Neil Jordan-directed thriller was a big deal when it first came out (bad pun alert). On the surface, it's about an IRA agent who defects from the cause (a significant political issue at the time), but, after a major revelation halfway through, suddenly becomes about so much more.

FUNNY GAMES (1997)

This breakout film by German director/writer/professor Michael Haneke (*Cache, Amour*) might be the most traumatizing movie we've seen. Not a drop of blood is shed on-screen, yet its brutality will haunt you, particularly after one of the characters "rewinds" its only redeeming scene. Haneke remade the film in English, shot for shot, in 2007.

AMERICAN PSYCHO (2000)

Mary Harron's hilarious and gruesome adaptation of Bret Easton Ellis's novel is cinematic satire at its sickest. Christian Bale is the eponymous Patrick Bateman, a Reagan-era yuppie douchebag obsessed with wealth, conspicuous consumption, and bad eighties pop music. He also enjoys chain-sawing, axing, and mutilating people–or does he?

MULHOLLAND DR. (2001)

No best-film list is complete without the ultraweird David Lynch. Naomi Watts stars in her breakthrough role as a bright-eyed actress who finds an amnesiac sex bomb hiding in her aunt's apartment. Hypnotic and mysterious, this gorgeous mindfuck of a film does a total one-eighty, making you rethink everything you've just watched.

OLDBOY (2003)

This South Korean Cannes winner got an unnecessary Spike Lee remake in 2013, but we defer to the original. A drunk man inexplicably imprisoned for 15 years is just as inexplicably released; he's then told he has five days to figure out why, or be killed. The violent twists and turns in this mysterious revenge tale are not for the faint of heart–a warning that should probably be applied to every film on this list. Happy viewing!

PHOTO: *AMERICAN PSYCHO* © COPYRIGHT 2000 - UNIVERSAL STUDIOS - ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

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GAMING

HYPERSPACE
MASS EFFECT: ANDROMEDA

Electronic Arts (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

HOT lesbian sex might or might not be the first thing that leaps to mind when you think of hard-core galaxy-spanning role-playing adventures, but the *Mass Effect* trilogy made headlines for its titillating girl-on-alien-girl romance that in later entries blossomed into full same-sex relationships for both the male and female characters. All that anything-goes space-boning was just a side effect of the series's open-ended approach to storytelling. Players had the freedom to make moral choices—including romantic ones—that actually affected the outcome of the game, and those decisions compounded throughout the series until everything reached a literal point of no return in the finale. Now, *Mass Effect: Andromeda* puts some serious time and space between the characters and consequences of the original trilogy.

The story starts 600 years after the events of *Mass Effect 3*. Players control a Pathfinder—a sort of soldier/scientist/guide—sent to scout the Andromeda galaxy for habitable planets so earthlings can manifest the fuck out of their destiny. At your service is the *Tempest,* a starship capable of zipping between star systems, and a smaller six-wheeled hot rod called the *Nomad* for burning rubber on the surface of any planet. You have freedom to chart your course through an entire galactic cluster, but just remember that you're the alien refugee here. Many planets are home to hostile life-forms that won't take kindly to your colonial impulses. Good thing *Andromeda* offers an enhanced version of the intergalactic blasting that made this series so accessible to the average dudebro. Instead of choosing classes, you pick the gender of your character, then cull individual skills you can tweak throughout the adventure. You might end up as a bionic human tank or a lithe techno wizard. You're free to pursue cosmic hanky-panky with your crew and bang more aliens than Captain Kirk on a five-year mission.

FOOL'S GOLD: GAMING'S GREATEST APRIL FOOLS' JOKES

BIG BALL GAMING MOUSE
(Corsair Gaming, 2015)
In an official-looking video filled with legit-sounding jargon, gaming-peripheral maker Corsair introduced a gaming mouse that did away with the precision of modern laser-powered devices in favor of the old-timey trackball. The Corsair M63MM RGB mouse featured a ball of solid boron-infused graphene. Naturally, BIG balls are the key to gaming domination.

PLAYSTATION FLOW
(Sony, 2015)
Owners of these waterproof VR goggles were supposed to pause their games when they reached an underwater area, drive to the nearest public pool, slip on the system, then dive in for complete immersion. An included Body Dryer gadget promised to blow-dry players in seconds after each swim session. Too bad the whole thing was a viral-marketing stunt for the PlayStation VR goggles.

WORLD OF WARCRAFT T.I.N.D.R. DATING APP
(PC, 2015)
Developer Blizzard announced an update for their massively multiplayer role-playing game that added hookups between player minions. A small chest called the T.I.N.D.R. Box would keep your Followers occupied swiping left or right on the profiles of Followers of other players, creating a subculture of casual minion sex. Your Followers would then report back from each fling with the salacious details.

THE SHENG LONG TRICK
(*Street Fighter II,* 1992)
"You must defeat Sheng Long to stand a chance," taunted a victorious Ryu in *Street Fighter II*. Sheng Long was actually a mistranslation of Ryu's Dragon Punch move, but that didn't stop *EGM* magazine from crafting an April Fools' joke detailing the elaborate process for unlocking the mysterious Sheng Long character. Readers wore down their controllers trying to make it happen. The joke eventually came true in *Street Fighter IV*.

IMAGES: GAMESPRESS

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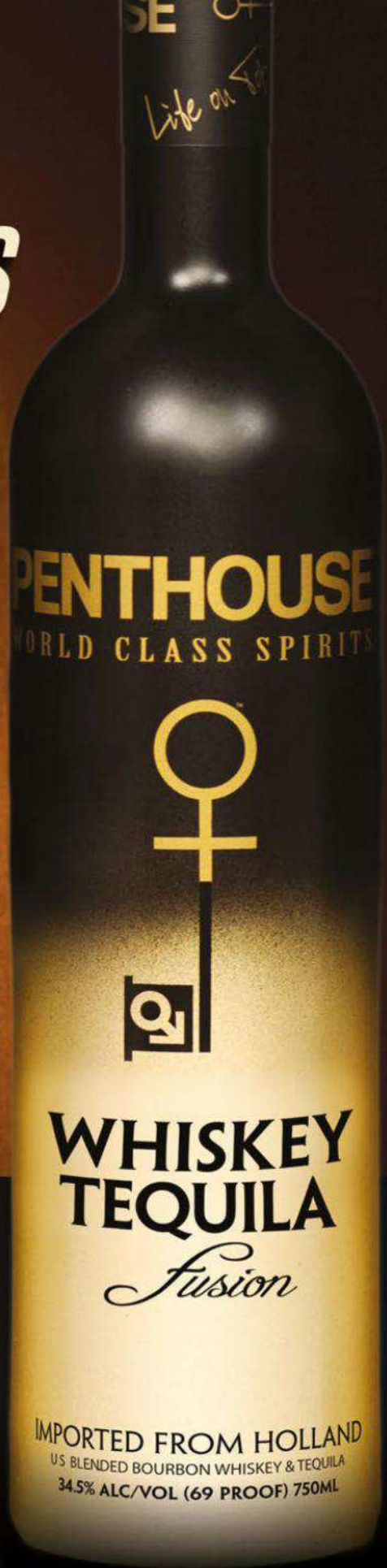

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KIM'S PRIZED OBSESSION

THE SUNDANCE DOCUMENTARY *THE LOVERS AND THE DESPOT* IS ONE OF THE MOST BIZARRE TRUE-CRIME STORIES EVER TO BE TOLD ON FILM.

IT'S a story that could've been plucked straight out of a James Bond film, and it's now the subject of a compelling documentary, *The Lovers and the Despot,* which premiered at last year's Sundance Film Festival and is available for rent online.

In January 1978, on the shores of Hong Kong's Repulse Bay, a woman was grabbed by three guards and flung into a boat. Terrified and fighting back, the woman was forcibly sedated by injection. When she came to, she was inside the captain's cabin of a freighter, and the first thing she saw, smiling down at her, was a large portrait of a young General Kim Jong-il. The woman was Choi Eun-hee, one of South Korea's most famous actresses, and she would be held captive by Kim for eight years.

Long before his inevitable rise to power, Kim, whose vast movie collection was housed in a three-story guarded building, was a maniacal film buff and the director of the Motion Picture and Arts Division of North Korea. While it was against the law for regular North Korean citizens to access foreign films, Kim required all his overseas diplomats to procure copies of Hollywood blockbusters for his collection. In an NPR interview, Choi Eun-hee said, "He had a projection room in every house so he could watch movies anytime. Having seen many movies, he wanted North Korean movies to be just as great, but he thought his comrades were too simple." In Kim's mind, kidnapping Choi was the first step toward making great North Korean films.

Six months after Choi's disappearance, her ex-husband, father of her children, and an award-winning South Korean film director, Shin Sang-ok, began searching for her. In much the same way, he was also kidnapped. Shin later recalled, "Someone suddenly pulled a sack over my head and I couldn't see anything or breathe properly."

IT STARTED WITH A KISS

In 1984, Shin and Choi made a film called *Love Love My Love,* which was the first film in North Korea since World War II to depict two people experiencing romantic love. Up until then, the only cinematic depictions of love in that country had been toward the leader or political party. The film was a musical and even featured a kiss.

However, Shin's experience was vastly different. While Choi was held in Building Number 1, a highly secure yet luxurious villa surrounded by armed guards, and brought out on display at Kim's grand parties, Shin was taken to an all-male camp known as Prison Number 6. He was held there for four years, existing on a diet of grass, salt, and torture. He later wrote, "I experienced the limits of human beings."

Then on the night of March 7, 1983, five years into her captivity, Choi was taken to a party where, in a room filled with applause, Kim reunited Shin and Choi. Ten days earlier, Shin had been taken from the prison camp and placed inside a guarded villa, where he was fed large amounts of food in an attempt to restore his health. Kim presented the pair with a newly remodeled villa, where they were to live as a couple once again.

In a secret recording made by Choi, Kim, famed for his lack of public speeches, said, "Why do all of our films have the same ideological plots? There is nothing new about them. Why are there so many crying scenes? All of our films have crying scenes. This isn't a funeral, is it?"

Kim said that he needed Choi and Shin to rejuvenate North Korea's film landscape. Over the following three years in captivity, the couple made seven films for Kim.

In March 1986, the couple took a trip to Vienna for a film festival, having persuaded Kim to let them travel. It was there, armed with their secret recordings, that Shin and Choi made their escape to the U.S. embassy, where they finally found freedom.

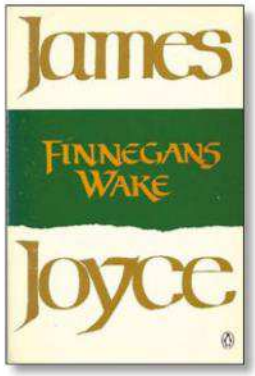
PHOTO: ISTOCK / JGROUP

SUEDE WHERE YOU NEED IT

BOOKS

ROUGH TEXT

By Dave Carnie



"WAIT. What?"

That's what I said when I turned in this review of "trippy books" for the Weed Issue, only to be told by my editor, "The Weed Issue was last issue."

"I thought this was the Weed Issue," I said.

"Nope."

Well, fuck it. I don't care. This is my "Rough Text's Trippy Books Review," originally conceived for the 2017 *Penthouse* Weed Issue, but appearing one issue late. Because I was stoned. Or I forgot. Or something. What's more stoney than turning in a stoner article a month late?

"Stoners get stoned!" I said by way of explanation.

And while it may appear that there are a handful of trippy books being reviewed here, they are all about one book: *Finnegans Wake* by James Joyce, because *Finnegans Wake* (henceforth referred to as *FW*) is the trippiest book I've ever read. It's also the most difficult book I've ever read. One has to be either really dumb or really smart to try and tackle this thing. I know I'm not smart because 20-something years after starting it I'm still reading the fucking thing. That's just dumb. I "finished" it once, but because the book is circular and begins and ends with the same sentence, I've just kept reading it. What else can I do?

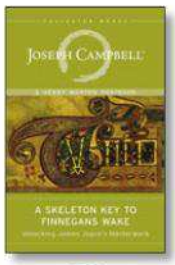
I can't tell you what *FW* is about because, as I said, I'm an idiot. Rather, I thought it would be more helpful to point the interested reader in the direction of some books that provide admirable attempts at summarizing the contents and elucidating the seemingly impenetrable language Joyce employs to tell his "story."

First, however, I'd like to present a recent discovery about *FW* that totally tripped me out.

There is evidence, provided by Katarzyna Bazarnik in a 2007 essay for the *Hypermedia Joyce Studies* journal, that Joyce designed the physical work itself to be a simulacrum of the Earth. Not only is the text circular, but the book forms a physical circle. To understand this, imagine opening *FW* as wide as you can so that the front and back covers are touching face to face. The 628 pages that comprise the work will then radiate outward to form a circle, like the spokes in a wheel.

"The circumference of this circle equals 628 (pages)," Bazarnik writes, "a number which does not seem accidental at all, if we consider that the formula for the perimeter of the circle is pi multiplied by its diameter (or 2r, where r is the length of the radius). This can be summed up in a simple equation: 2r x 3.14 = 628 (r = 100)."

1



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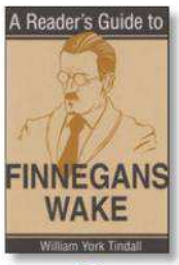

3

4

1 / *Annotations to Finnegans Wake* by Roland McHugh

FW is essentially a collection of portmanteaus, so McHugh's exhaustive Annotations is an essential tool in helping the reader appreciate all of Joyce's allusions, references, and foreign languages that are packed into nearly every word in the book. It offers page-by-page, line-by-line glosses on the text.

And while Annotations is an indispensable resource for untangling the minutiae of the language, you'll also need something to help you understand the bigger picture.

2 / *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake* by Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson

Joseph Campbell is primarily known for his work in mythology, but Skeleton Key was both his first book and the first book about FW. It's a great introduction for the new reader. Campbell is excellent at breaking the book down into broad strokes, but it came out only five years after the publication of FW.

3 / *A Reader's Guide to Finnegans Wake* by William York Tindall

Very similar to Skeleton Key in that Tindall explores and analyzes FW chapter by chapter, but his commentary comes with nearly 40 years of research behind it.

4 / *How Joyce Wrote Finnegans Wake* edited by Luca Crispi and Sam Slote

This recent book is a collection of essays by 17 Joyce scholars, each addressing a chapter in FW through the lens of "genetic studies." It illuminates the creation of the work by examining Joyce's notebooks, manuscripts, galley proofs, etc., from the 17 years it took him to write FW. This book is a little more scholarly and a bit persnickety about obscure textual details, but it still offers some astounding insights.

Trippy, right? It gets trippier.

The top of the circle, where the covers meet and the "Doublends Jined" (pages 3 and 628), would, as a simulacrum of the Earth, represent the North Pole. Opposite the North Pole, at the bottom of the globe and halfway through the book, would be the South Pole at page 314. Thus, on pages 628 and 3, there are numerous references to the North Pole and names of Arctic regions buried within the text. Similarly, on and around page 314, we find allusions to the South Pole, Antarctic explorers, and the names of their expedition vessels.

I recognize that a cellphone is probably far more exciting to most people than a book bent over backwards, but if you're as dumb as I am and totally tripped out about stupid shit like this, then allow me to recommend a couple of secondary texts to help you navigate the river of words that runs through this book…

SHARE THE LOVE

Did you just have the wildest night of your life? Did your greatest fantasy come true? Or did you spy the sensual goings-on of other uninhibited adventurers.

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ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

BY CHRIS NIERATKO

1 / Finger Fuck Textured Glove $49

In the immortal words of Keith Murray, "The most beautifullest thing in this world" is my wife in the kitchen wearing nothing save for a pair of high heels and thigh-highs. The thought of her getting all Giada De Laurentiis in the nude has carried me on my travels for many years, but the sad reality of my domestic fetish is, with cooking equipment causing nearly 500 home-fire fatalities each year, the kitchen is a very dangerous place. As much as I like to pretend Danger is my middle name, I prefer my wife pink in the middle and not burnt to a crisp.

I once interviewed world-famous dominatrix Mistress Rhiannon, a wonderful woman and an absolute marvel of modern science and medicine. At the time of our meeting she was sporting enormous 72MMM tits. (Do yourself a favor: Go to mistressrhiannon.com and behold.) Rhiannon has undergone so many breast enhancements that she has permanent nerve damage on one side and no longer feels any sensation in her left boob. She recalled a time when she was preparing a meal which required constant basting of a bird in the oven. Midway through she checked on the chicken only to be greeted with a strange odor. She searched the oven to see if any vegetables had spilled over and were burning, but saw nothing. She then looked down and realized her bare, desensitized tit was resting on the oven door and being scorched.

Personally, my greatest kitchen fear, even more than having my wife sever my penis à la Lorena Bobbitt, is to have my cock burned and mutilated. Not out of concern over the pain, mind you. Recently I lost 50 pounds and saw my penis for the first time in decades. My first thought? *Dear Jah! That is the most disgusting thing I've ever seen.* I would gladly pay good money to travel back in time and unsee it. I can't believe women voluntarily engage with something so hideous.

Anyhow, my thinking is, if it were hacked off at least I wouldn't have to ever look at it again, but if it were burned it would only make an already vile appendage more grotesque. (No disrespect to burn victims. Maybe I'm off the mark and frying it would improve its appearance?)

If you're like me and you enjoy porking in the pantry but are concerned for your parts, then Ox Balls's Finger Fuck Textured Glove is an absolute must-have. Gone are the days of butthole-vagina cross contamination! No longer will you dread burning your hands with candle wax! Thanks to Ox Balls's signature Flex-TPR, you are free to finger-bang without fear. Obvious sexual benefits aside, the Finger Fuck Glove doubles as the most hilarious oven mitt I've ever owned. Hands down.

Rating: 11 oxballs.com

2

2 / Motorbunny $899

I once found myself living in Cincinnati for nine months with nothing to do but drink, take drugs, have sex, and look for adventure. I was an anorexic 135 pounds when I arrived; less than a year later I was a bloated 225. The bar next to my apartment building was called Fries (pronounced "Freeze," although no one could explain to me why), and on my first night in town a woman I took home from Fries stole my brand-new microwave as some sort of sexual consolation prize. The next night I saw her and asked, "Why did you steal my microwave?" "I needed a microwave," she said. Fair enough. With that we both retreated to my apartment again. The next morning my TV was gone.

At some point during my time in Ohio, someone at Fries told me about a bar called the Yellow Rose in Dayton, 50 miles away, with a mechanical bull. I'd never even seen a mechanical bull, so without hesitation, I grabbed a classy yet sassy Midwestern lassie and drove into the night with the sweet scent of a nearby whiskey distillery leading the way. For nearly an hour we drove, hoping to get our rhinestone cowboy on; by the time we arrived it had already closed. I returned the next day only to learn they're closed on Wednesdays. I tried again on Thursday but it was a holiday. It wasn't until Friday that I decided I probably should've never left Fries in the first place.

I don't know if they've since repaired the bull, but back in the nineties that bull felt more dangerous than a handjob from Edward Scissorhands. The bull's engine sounded as if it should've been taken out to the farm a decade earlier, and the foam pads meant to brace your fall looked as if they'd been chewed to death by a dragon.

I was young and unfamiliar with the age-old bull-operator's gag of taking it slow and easy on the ladies so they can hopefully orgasm, while making it their personal goal to kill or maim any gentleman that dare sit on it. I learned this lesson the hard way. The moment my ass hit the leather my face hit the floor. I was instantly knocked out cold. When I came to, the entire bar was standing over me. I tried to joke, "I remember the Alamo." Someone in the crowd responded, "Maybe you should go back there, pussy!"

I'm quite certain I have PTSD from that night, because the moment I unboxed the amazing Motorbunny personal pleasure machine my heart started to race with fear, my palms moistened, and I again heard someone call me "pussy." "Luckily, it's not for you, pussy," my wife was saying. "Calm down," she added. "I've never fallen off a horse in my life." It's true. She holds many equestrian awards and truly loves it deep in the saddle, if you know what I mean.

Ever wonder why no one could figure out the Lone Ranger's secret identity? That mask wasn't fooling anyone. The Motorbunny taught me that confidence and bravado can be blinding. When my wife hopped up on the bunny and bucked that beast to 7,000 rpms, I no longer saw her for who she was; she became a sexual superhero, no mask needed. I've been married a decade, been with my wife for 16 years; we've had every manner of circus sex and owned far more expensive pleasure machines, but never have I witnessed such an instantaneous transformation from civilian to naughty nymph than with the magical Motorbunny. It's as if she ceased to be my wife and I was watching the Blonde Stranger ride again! It might have been my imagination (or my PTSD), but I recall her producing a lasso from out of thin air, hog-tying me, then spinning me on her index finger like a basketball until I admitted to robbing a freight train.

The Lone Ranger might've believed "that a man should make the most of what equipment he has," but I'm sure he'd rethink using his little pee-shooter if he knew about the ultimate riding machine. My wife got off six shots before I could unbuckle my trousers, and I don't think there's a lawman out there that could boast those kinds of results.

Hi ho, Motorbunny! You're a true American hero. (Lasso not included.)

Rating: 10 motorbunny.com

HEY, LUENELL

BY CHRIS NIERATKO
PHOTOS BY: GREGORY HOLLOWAY

LEGENDARY comedian Luenell has never been shy about her opinion or her body. Long before her breakout role as the "hooker with the heart of gold" in the 2006 comedy *Borat,* Luenell had established herself as a badass who doesn't pull punches or take shit from anyone. And when she agreed to pose nude for *Penthouse,* we knew this funnywoman wasn't kidding around.

Regardless of age or body type, it takes a uniquely strong person to bare it all in front of a dozen strangers, and Luenell strutted around the photo shoot like a peacock in full bloom. Michelle Obama once said, "History has shown us that courage can be contagious." We hope that this pictorial serves as an inspiration to all woman to raise their middle finger to any and all who would try to hold them back.

How is it that I have the distinct honor of talking to you in bed, naked, during this historic photo shoot?

You are the luckiest man in Los Angeles, that's how. You must be living right. I've been going through some things in my professional life that are sad to me, the way they cast aside women after a certain age or over a certain weight in Hollywood. If you're not between 17 and 28 and don't weigh between 116 and 125 pounds you're shit. Even though you know better, that can wear on your psyche if you live here. You begin to feel as if you're not as good, or you're worthless…. I haven't felt that way often, but I can tell you if I lived in Georgia I wouldn't be thinking about having a tummy tuck. I'd just be a fat bitch in Georgia.

"EVERY WOMAN, IN SOMEBODY'S EYES, IS A SUPERMODEL. BUT THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON'S EYES...IS THEIR OWN."

Why do you think that particular body type is what Hollywood continues to push when it's not relatable to most people?

Designers want to design for certain types of people and the masses that watch TV and movies want to see a certain type of woman. The standard of what a Hollywood type is was set long ago and that is still what it is. You have to look a certain type of way. Although Hollywood stars used to be glamorous, now we have some raggedy-ass stars so that's changing. Maybe the body issue shit can change, too. Like it or not we live in an obese society, they super-size everything, we eat way too much and we do way too little, but that doesn't mean you're worthless, that doesn't mean that you aren't sexy, that doesn't mean that you don't have hopes and dreams and want to be desired and have dirty, nasty sex and all that stuff. It just means that people have to open their minds more and see the beauty in people and not get sucked into the whirlwind of the bullshit.

You have always been a woman who owns her sexuality and you once said you're not into "restrictive garments." You look amazing in every shot. How did you feel getting all dolled up in lingerie for the camera?

I wore all that stuff when I was younger. I wore the corsets, I dressed up for my man, I did all that. But what I found was the real men don't care anything about that. It's cool, if you have a video vixen she should look like one, but if you're in the real world and you're a real woman, then it's more than those outfits that is turning a man on about you. Every woman, in somebody's eyes, is a supermodel. But the most important person's eyes they need to be a supermodel in is their own. I'm saying wear whatever you're wearing with confidence, swag. Lift your head up, step high, and be proud of who you are and have fun. You only get one life.

I love that you say, "I don't have to suck my stomach in, I just let the shit hang." What message were you trying to send with this shoot?

My goal, first off, was to have more women look at *Penthouse* than have ever looked at it before by putting something special in that has never been done before. They have never shot an over-50, heavyset black woman. I want to make history in every area of my life. The way I walked around this shoot I never would have thought I'd be so comfortable walking around naked, but I want to tell women to be free. This is me. I'm great and it's okay that I don't look like you and we are all amazing and can all hold our heads up and be desired.

Any cold feet as the date of the shoot drew near?

About two days before I got cold feet because I'd never done a shoot like this and I didn't know what to expect. I didn't know if someone was going to giggle behind my back because I didn't know what kind of people I was going to be naked in front of…or the judgment and the backlash that may come to the magazine or myself about how I look (or don't look), or what I should or should not have done. I had cold feet, but they warmed up very quickly when I looked at the greater good of what is hopefully going to come of this shoot. I just said, "Eff it!" People can go fuck themselves if they feel any type of way about what I'm doing, because I'm a badass.

Social media is a wonderful and awful thing. On one hand, it allows information to be shared quickly while bringing people closer, but it also gives voice to some very ugly, closed-minded people. What has your experience been like?

I've had two social media beefs. It was very unnerving. I spent a whole day blocking people because I want to keep my pages upbeat. I think that my mouth, personality, sexuality, and humor distract people from body-shaming me, but every now and then something gets out that is unflattering, so I'm ready for the backlash. "Why would *Penthouse* put that old, fat, black woman in this magazine?" Because *Penthouse* is forward-thinking, *Penthouse* takes risks, *Penthouse* is smart, and *Penthouse*

has my back because they know for every person that says something negative there are probably 10,000 people cheering me on and wishing they had the balls to get shot naked. I can say that I have had the same experience that supermodels have…I have been shot by *Penthouse*! This is historic. I would hate to think that we did all this for nothing. I want to make history with this shoot, at least in my mind. Because in my mind, I will always know that I was taken care of and this wasn't some janky, pervy shoot. It's already made history for me. And of all the shots we took, I know we'll use the best ones…and through the miracle of technology, I'll look even better.

That's always an area of contention on the internet—people over-photoshopping their pictures.

I understand why they do it but I think if you're photoshopping to present an unrealistic image of

"PEOPLE CAN GO FUCK THEMSELVES IF THEY FELT ANY TYPE OF WAY ABOUT WHAT I'M DOING."

yourself—when it's overexaggerated and ridiculous—that's when we talk shit. If it's done to camouflage a few human flaws and accentuate the beauty, then it can be okay. Taking blemishes or a mole off somebody is fine. When they photoshop me they won't be hiding any poundage, it's going to be hard to do that, although I begged them to do it.

It's been a crazy, scary six months for America. A person sits in office who has repeatedly gone on record shaming body types that are different from his preference. He has referred to beautiful women as pigs. Is this photo shoot in any way a fuck-you to him?

Absolutely. The only thing that could have made this photo shoot any better was if I was sitting in the lap of a hot guy in a wheelchair because, you know, he shamed a handicapped person as well—or tried to—which I thought was moronic. Black people have always been put down and taunted, but you really, really hit a new low when you do that openly in the media to a handicapped person. Having a sexy man in a wheelchair would have been the only thing to make this shoot a bigger *fuck-you* to him. My world doesn't even deal in the world that Donald

Trump lives in. My people and my friends do not even think in any kind of way that his white-privileged, dumb-fuck, cracker-ass believes in. How high do you have to build a wall? Who is going to build that motherfucker? Are you crazy? He wants to use prisoners and release student loans and pay $89 an hour…can you imagine the child who hasn't had a job for six months and he comes home and tells his mom he got a job building the wall? Get the fuck out of here! But I digress…I don't think Donald is going to know anything about this *Penthouse* unless we, the public, make such a fuss about it that it makes worldwide news. Then he will probably invite my fat ass to the White House and then I would tell him, "Fuck-you."

Would you accept the invitation if only to be able to tell him to fuck off right to his face?

No, I would refuse. He can't be talked to, and what I have to say to him is not going to change him. I'm not going. I have to live in this community. Are you insane? Hell to the no!

We nearly had our first woman president. It's 2017. Why do you think so many men are still afraid of strong, powerful women?

I don't even know that they're afraid. It's just that they're so misogynistic, so chauvinistic, so ego-rot, old-school, and old-world that after letting the black man in—although they had no choice—they could not allow for a double-whammy wham-bam. It was not going to be a black man and then a woman because what's next? A gay person? A Mexican President of the United States of America? They wanted to shut that down. I mean, you have to have more training to work at Wendy's than he has to work as the Commander in Chief. He does not realize he's going to have to make State of the Union addresses. His people backing him up are going to be embarrassed. It's the big "oops" moment. They didn't want to let that woman in the White House and now, even the people that voted for him are like, "Oh, damn!"

"IF YOU GO ON ABOUT LIVING YOUR LIFE AND DON'T OBSESS OVER WHAT YOU CAN'T CHANGE, THEN YOU CAN LIVE A HAPPY LIFE."

I agree. But I have two small children so I try to find hope wherever I can. Is there anything you can spin positive from this moment in time?

It's really all in the way you live your life and the people you surround yourself with. I don't obsess by sitting and watching CNN. I tune out the bombardment of bad news that we get and I surround myself with artistic people. I have a child, I have love in my life. I know the Lord loves me and he shines on me for the blessings and opportunities I'm given every day. I live in a bubble that has nothing to do with Washington. A lot of my friends do that. We have other lives that, no matter who was in the White House, it doesn't affect us on a daily basis. I think if you go on about living your life and don't obsess over what you can't change, then you can live a happy life. You can forget about it. Every now and then you tune in, check it out, you bitch, you moan, you talk to your friends, you rant and rave. Then you have to be able to get back to your real life with your friends and family.

I feel as if you are contributing some much-needed good news with this pictorial.

I hope so. That's the goal. Being that I do stand-up comedy as well, every day of my life, all I want to do is have fun and make people happy. I'm going to die doing that. They're going to be like, "That bitch partied 'til the end." I just want to go to bed at night with a smile on my face.

Will you go to bed tonight with a smile on your face?

This experience was groundbreaking, amazing, hilarious, wonderful, and caring. Everyone on set has been very, very kind. I think I bring the humor to the table that makes everyone feel relaxed, and we all felt like family. We're all here for a common goal to empower women by making history while making people happy. Some people will be mad, but they're just jealous. But I think most people who see this will be like, "Go on, girl!"

Now that you have the shared experience with the First Lady of posing nude, do you feel "presidented"? I mean presidential?

She did that when she was 22, young, and stupid. I did this when I was not 22…and old…and stupid. Ha ha! She didn't get shot for *Penthouse,* though! Anybody can take naked fucking pictures with their hand on their pussy. So I think I went above the First Lady!

I was hoping that with the uncovering of that pictorial Melania would use it as a chance to send a sex-positive message and maybe even embrace the ever-growing sex worker industry.

I'm not trying to shame her.

Oh, I go there. I have a whole stand-up comedy routine where I shame the shit out of her! In the eight years that Michelle Obama was in the White House we never even saw her in a bathing suit, and I done seen this bitch's pussy, titties, and her in bed with other women. This is your First Lady. I hope you're happy. I feel sorry for her. She's obviously verbally abused. She only signed up to be a kept woman. She didn't want to be the First Lady of the United States! She just wanted some diamonds in her ear and now she has all the bullshit, boring-ass meetings and dinners with hacks that she's going to have to attend. She just wanted to be a happy little hooker and get herself an old man with some money. I'm surprised Donald makes the beautiful children that he does with that penis of his. It cannot be bigger than a thimble, and he must have very powerful sperm because I know he ain't fucking the shit of out of nobody! That's why Ivana left his ass!

For more of Luenell or to catch her on tour, go to HeyLuenell.com

THE FOREIGN INFLUENCE

BY STEVE FABER

DONALD Trump was sworn into office in January. What does this have to do with Washingwood–half Hollywood, half Washington, D.C.–where candidates are built, polished, and outfitted with all the symbols necessary to manipulate a wanting and willing public that's aching for popcorn, soda, and a movie…*and* a good (if not great) senator, governor, *president*? The movie is the candidate, and the candidate is the movie. However, there's one aspect to all of this I haven't discussed. It's sort of a secret, but now it's time to share it. It's being thrust upon us anyway.

I think it's safe to say that most Americans believe that American creative content is actually made in America. America's cultural contribution to the world, *film,* is a "Made in America" operation. When I moved to Washingwood as editor of the local (and only) newspaper, I figured the entire filmmaking process was, is, and always would be a strictly American affair. The same is true with our candidates, the candidates Washingwood created to legislate, pontificate, and ultimately rule over us. After exhausted research, I now know I was wrong.

Making a "big" film requires big bucks. The typical Tom Cruise *Mission Impossible* film–the upcoming being *MI: 6,* which should be titled *We're Running Out of Missions That Are Remotely Plausible*–costs between $150 and $300 million. Sometimes more. And they're financed in great part by China. China has heaved more than $16 billion at our film industry this year alone. And they expect payback. This demi-secret has had an impact on American culture: what to say, what can be said, what must be avoided. Creative control. Some of these films are actually made in Washingwood's sister city, Shanghai.

Equally (if not more) important, America's 45th president has also been financed–in every incarnation in which something can be financed. And it appears the film *Trump* was financed in Russia. The FBI director, members of Congress, and anonymous members of the intelligence community have all said/implied/leaked that our new

WE'VE BECOME A CULTURE THAT TAKES ITS IMMEDIATE GRATIFICATION STRAIGHT UP, NO CHASER; A CULTURE THAT HAS A COLLECTIVE PANIC ATTACK WHEN IT LOSES ITS CELLPHONE.

president (or his team) took full advantage either of Russian hackers or state or private actors who hacked Hillary Clinton's server to get dirt on her, enough shit to fill a sandbox and ensure she was not elected.

According to Congresswoman Maxine Waters, the Russians also hacked the RNC to see what dirt they could get on Trump, in order to use it against him. A shakedown. But first they had to make a decision: *Who do we, Russians, believe would be a more malleable president*? Trump was easier: He knew he couldn't win a battle with Russian intelligence, or with Putin. Whereas Putin loathes Hillary, and the feeling is mutual; I believe there's a room full of zombie skeletons in the Clinton closet (also known as the Clinton Global Initiative). These skeletons frighten Hillary and Bill, who had amassed a fortune within eight years of leaving the White House. How? That's a question Hillary doesn't want examined…because it would most likely reveal information that, in great part, cost her the election.

I don't necessarily believe the Russians affected the outcome of the election. But I do believe the Russians made a calculated decision. Playing ball with Hillary was going to be too expensive, too complicated, a clusterfuck of intel briefings, ongoing congressional hearings, denials, anger, and pain. Trump, on the other hand, has a different attitude: *I don't give a fuck. I'm going to say what I want, do what I want, run my business, engorge myself with more cash, things venal and difficult to prove.* Trump is daring us to try to catch him by taunting us on Twitter. If someone says one negative thing about him, he'll throw his soiled diaper at them on social media. Two negative things and the Wrath of God will slam into their house.

To an American public that simply doesn't have the patience to agonize over months and months of hearings, threats of impeachment, and the like, Trump is betting we'll get bored. In fact, he's doubling down, surrounding himself with like-minded pols who either don't care about this Russian issue, don't want to know about it, or simply think it's a liberal trick, cooked up by the 16 or so intelligence services that reached the same fairly nefarious conclusion regarding the Trump-Putin bromance.

Now that we've become a culture that takes its immediate gratification straight up, no chaser; a culture that has a collective panic attack when it loses its cellphone lifeline; a culture that now *officially* gets the majority of its news from the internet–non-sourced, poorly investigated news that most people don't give a shit about anyway–Trump's betting on himself. So what if Russia helped make him our new president? The first year of his administration is going to be so ripe with strange tweets and sick and twisted policy proposals that are either not constitutional, too expensive, or cost Trump too much political capital–capital for which he wouldn't dare dip his big toe into the Washingwood communal swimming pool–it's going to be like watching the biggest, weirdest movie ever. And isn't that what we want?

We want our films big, *huge,* and we want our politicians–and now presidents–big, *huge.* But who really pays for all of that? Well, who really cares?

Which brings us full circle. Washingwood has taught us one more important lesson: This big election production is not something that's "Made in America."

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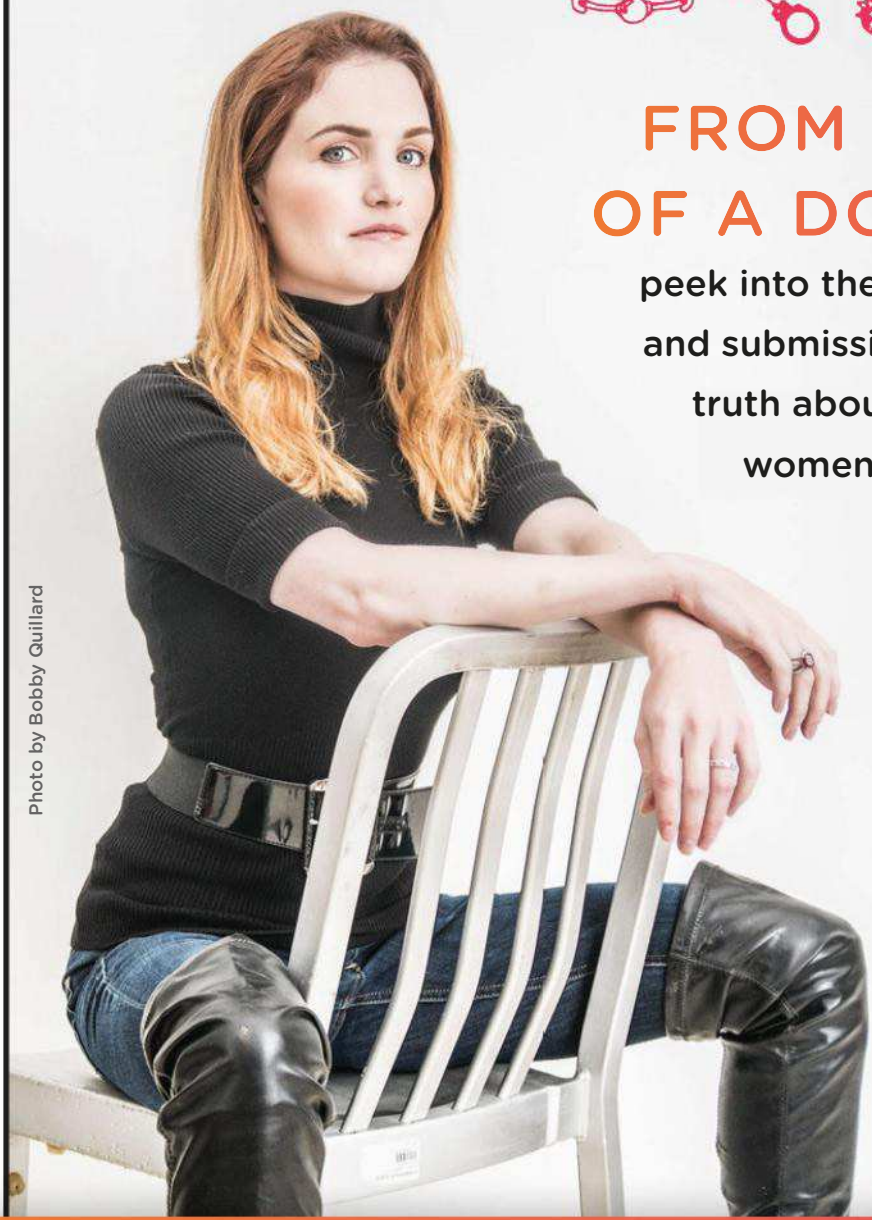

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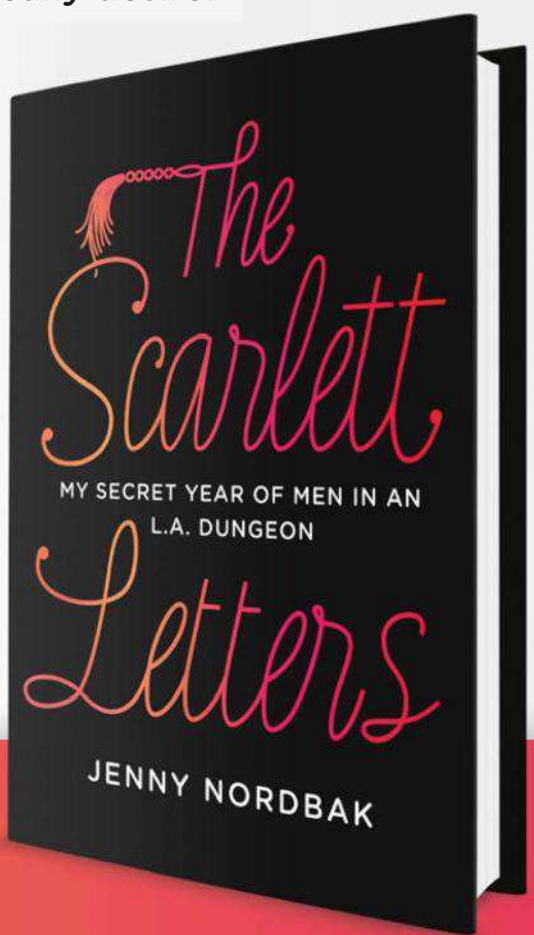

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IS PORN THE NEW VIAGRA?

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

AS more and more doctors and sex therapists "prescribe" porn as an aid to sexual arousal, the question arises: Is porn the new Viagra? For many men who have difficulty becoming aroused by their sex partners, porn has become a useful helpmate. For some, of course, it is a substitute, but that is also true for vibrators, which can be deployed as an aid to conventional sex or as a substitute for it.

As with Viagra and vibrators, porn can have side effects such as overdependence on external stimuli, or, according to some, even addiction. But that simply proves the old adage, there are no free lunches. Everything worth doing—from great sex to great food to healthy exercise to watching sports on TV—has potential side effects if taken to extremes. We all strive to strike the appropriate balance. Sometimes we succeed, often we fail.

Like marijuana, which is also prescribed by doctors and therapists, porn—even adult porn—is still illegal in most states and under federal law. But also like marijuana, these laws are often not enforced. But they could be at any time, especially under a Republican administration with a conservative attorney general.

Medical marijuana is now lawful in a growing number of states, but still unlawful under federal law. The legalization of medical marijuana coupled with the continued illegality of recreational marijuana has produced considerable abuse. This has been proved by the fact that diagnoses of glaucoma go down wherever the medical use of marijuana is expanded to recreational use. "Medical porn" is not lawful anywhere, but since porn is available to anyone with a smartphone, the law is not a realistic barrier to its use.

There are some who would prosecute the distribution and even the viewing of porn as a public-health hazard, but their claims are more grounded in puritan morality than in scientific study. Some scientific studies regarding the consumption of porn show mixed results, which can be, and often are, interpreted so as to support preexisting moral predispositions. As with so many other "vices," overindulgence can produce negative consequences, while use in moderation (or in aid of mutual gratification) can produce positive results to existing relationships. It may depend as well on the *nature* of the porn. No one should be surprised if frequent exposure to violent or exploitative porn produced different attitudes than comparable exposure to loving, mutual, egalitarian erotica. (As one wag put it: "The difference between 'porn' and 'erotica' is porn is what the other guy gets off on, while erotica is what arouses me.")

Of course porn is not used exclusively by men to aid in arousal. An entire genre of feminist porn is now available to appeal to women and couples. This genre focuses less on showing graphic close-ups of oral, vaginal, and anal penetration and more on distant visual depictions of foreplay and romantic aspects of sex. Different strokes for different folks, as they say.

EVERY ADULT SHOULD BE FREE TO EXPERIMENT WITH WHATEVER EXTERNAL AIDS OR STIMULI INCREASES THE PLEASURABILITY OF THEIR SEXUAL ENCOUNTERS.

It would be absurd to legalize only "medical porn," because the need for external stimuli is in the eye (or other organs) of the beholder. All adult porn should be legalized and its production regulated. It's a shame that a California referendum rejected the mandatory use of condoms by male porn actors, because such use protects both men and women in the industry from being compelled by producers to endanger their health by engaging in unprotected sex. At the very least, porn actors should not be compelled to engage in risky sex. Moreover, consumers of porn might be more likely to use condoms if porn stars did.

The bottom line is that sexual pleasure is personal and private (except for those who prefer it in groups). Every adult should be free to experiment with whatever external aids or stimuli increases the pleasurability of their sexual encounters. Doctors and therapists should be comfortable prescribing or recommending porn, vibrators, or approved pharmaceuticals as aids to arousal and gratification. If there is evidence of dangerous side effects, this consumer should be made aware of them and informed of how to minimize their dangers.

In the end, every adult must be free to determine their own sexual destiny, without government intrusion. As long as sex is consensual and between (or among) adults, it is no one's business to dictate what is acceptable or prohibited.

PHOTOGRAPHY: TAMMY SANDS / PENTHOUSE PET KENDRA SUNDERLAND

THE GOOD GIRL

Normally shy and reserved, Cuban/Italian knockout Niki Skyler comes out of her shell long enough to show us why she deserves to be our April Pet of the Month. More good news, fellas! This 32 year old camgirl is looking for a good man to make her laugh and challenge her. Fuckboys need not apply.

Photography: Tammy Sands

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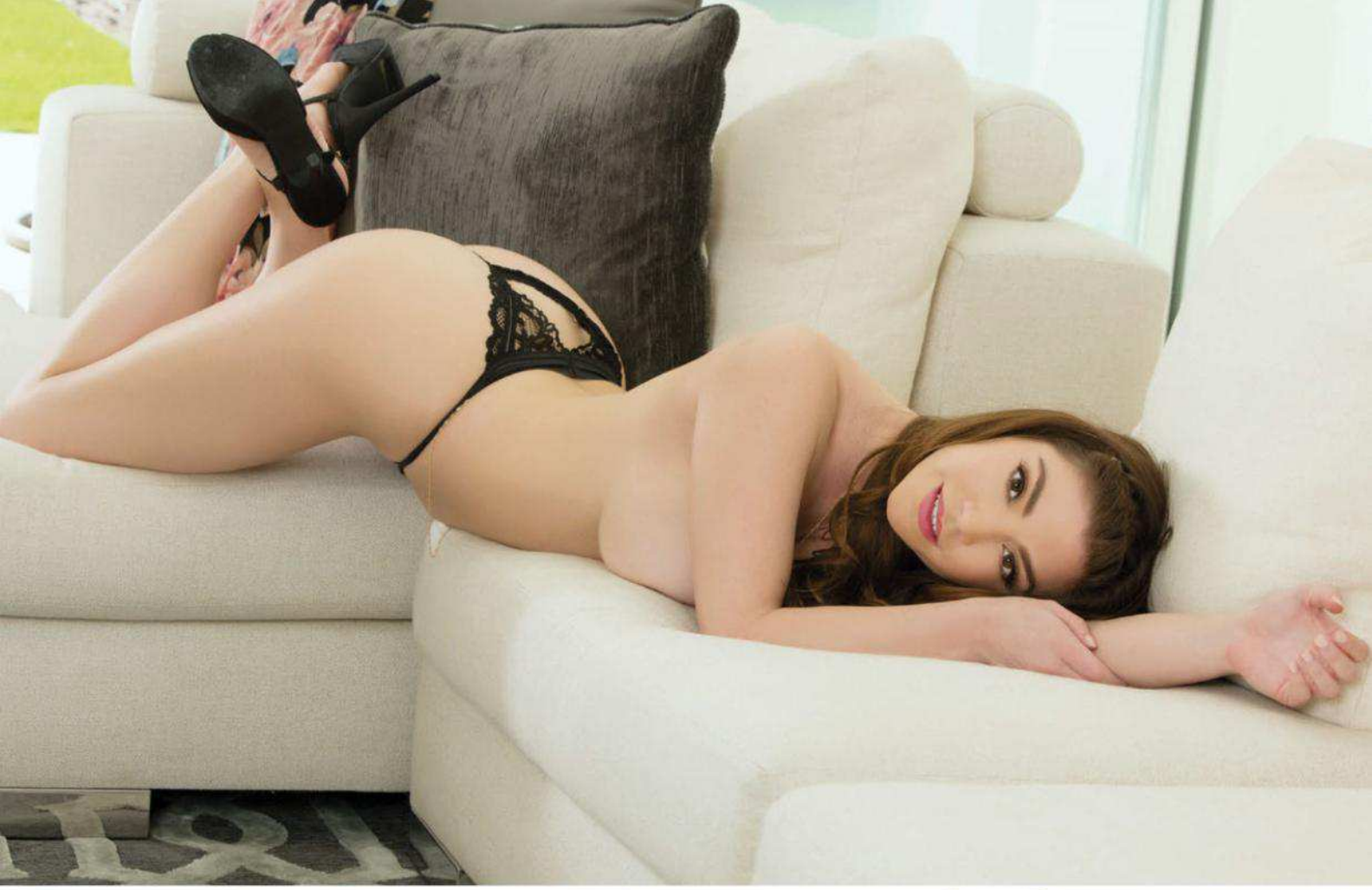

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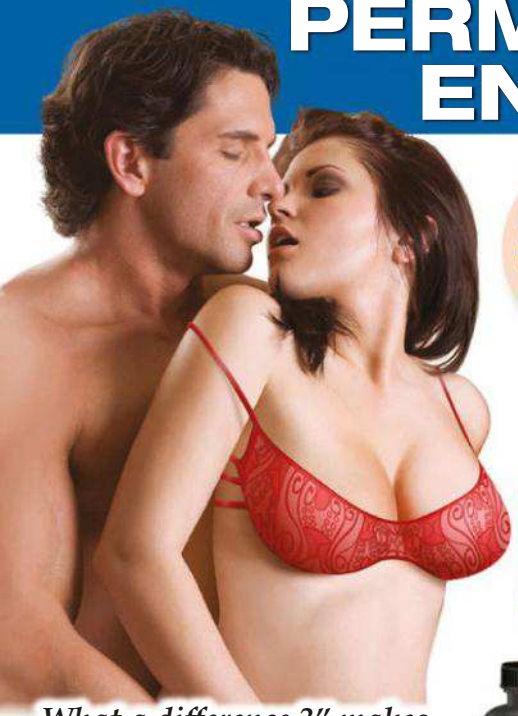

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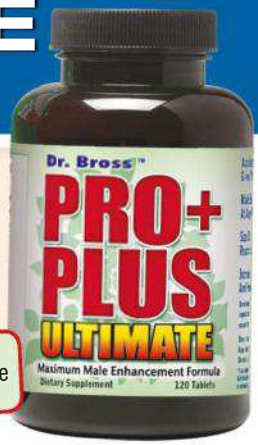

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TEAR HERE

PENTHOUSE

NIKI SKYLER APRIL 2017 PET OF THE MONTH

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PENTHOUSE
NIKI SKYLER APRIL 2017 PET OF THE MONTH

Vital Stats:
32-26-37
5'4"
32 years old

Hometown: Miami

What's with you and your naughty fantasies?
(*Laughs*) Well, I'm kind of shy and reserved in real life, so the idea of living out a naughty fantasy really turns me on.

Such as?
Like having sex in public, or sex with multiple partners. Something risky. I like being scared.

Being scared turns you on?
If it doesn't make me nervous or excite me, then what's the point of doing it? Lots of things turn me on. Older men turn me on. Women turn me on. Airplanes turn me on....

Seeing an airplane?
No. Being in one. Something about the vibrations.

Does camming turn you on?
Yes. The first time I had sex on camera, it was with another girl. We were both so nervous and excited. I remember her saying that she wanted to make me squirt. It came out of nowhere. I squirted all over her face.

You're into girls?
Yeah. I'm bisexual. I actually check out women more than men.

Well, that's a bummer.
But I like having sex with men more than women.

And we're back! What do you look for in a guy?
I'm looking for a connection. I can just look into someone's eyes and know if I'm going to fuck them.

Like magic. Sex magic.
Society tries to make a woman's sexuality a bad thing by negatively labeling it. It took me a long time to realize and overcome that.

SEE MORE OF NIKI AT PENTHOUSE.COM

MERCHANTS OF ILLUSION

CAMMING TAKES PORN TO THE NEXT LEVEL, OFFERING REAL-TIME INTIMACY WITH AN ONLINE CRUSH VIA WEBCAM.

BY MATTEO FAGOTTO

IN an upscale residential area on the outskirts of the Romanian city of Timisoara, at the border of Hungary and Serbia, sits a beautiful three-story mansion surrounded by gardens and a swimming pool. At first sight, nothing distinguishes it from the other dwellings, apart from the perpetually-closed windows and curtains, and the morning silence that permeates it. Then, at twelve o'clock, the house suddenly comes to life when a mysterious BMW SUV pulls up to the front gate, unloading a group of beautiful young girls, marking the beginning of yet another day in one of the most secretive—and possibly lucrative—industries of our time.

Once inside the house, a 25-year-old girl with a catchy smile and toned body named Krina* quickly climbs to the upper floor and goes inside a room furnished with a purple sofa, a white bed, and an internet-connected workstation. After a long makeup session, she puts on a cream-colored skirt suit and a black lingerie top, switches her PC on, adjusts her webcam, and logs in to an adult website.

It takes Krina a few minutes to fill her free video chatroom with adoring users from all over the world, imploring her to get naked. She doesn't budge, replying instead with jokes or teasing customers by dancing in front of the camera. Suddenly, another window pops up on her monitor, a sign that a user just initiated a paying, one-on-one session. After a few minutes of casual banter, the user asks if she will undress for him. Krina complies, stripteasing slowly, whispering racy sentiments to her client.

Once naked, Krina takes out a dildo from a drawer and starts caressing it, before pleasing herself to the delight of the man. After several minutes of mutual moans and wheezes, the client congratulates her and quickly abandons the chat. Still naked, Krina lights a cigarette, then checks her profile to see how much she just made: The client spent around $110 for a 25-minute show. "I don't know much about him, but he is a good customer," she says, puffing away the smoke. "He is from the U.S. and comes around five times a month."

For the past three years, Krina has been a professional camgirl at Live Cams Mansion. A former college student and bar waitress, Krina works eight hours a day, performing online erotic shows for paying customers from all over the world. Live cam shows first launched in the early 2000s, and the phenomenon has grown exponentially due to faster internet speeds and cheaper technology, revolutionizing porn and becoming the fastest growing sector of the adult entertainment industry, taking in billions of dollars annually.

Today, major adult cam sites such as MyFreeCams, Chaturbate, Flirt4Free, and Streamate feature hundreds of camgirls who are online at any given time of day. While users can see and chat with the girls for free, they have to buy credits to see them perform in private one-on-one sessions, which typically cost between $2 to $9 per minute. The bill is collected by the cam site through the client's credit card and is then split with the girl.

Camming has become hugely popular because of its interactivity and real-time feedback between customers and girls, and has rapidly changed the face of the traditional porn landscape. Depending on the user's and camgirl's tastes, private shows can be anything from a simple conversation to a kinky fetish session. With camgirls, customers have the unique experience of being let into the real, intimate lives of ordinary women, spurred by the "girl-next-door" look of many models and the fact that they generally work from private bedrooms.

While typical customers are men between 40 and 60 years old, camming attracts all types, some of them very wealthy, and sometimes famous. Among Live Cams Mansion's various clients are a famous American rapper, a Nobel Prize winner, and a Spanish national soccer player, according to Adrian Ionescu, the 36-year-old agency manager. Many are men who are unable to relate to women in real life; others who feel that cheating on their wives online is less serious; and some who are simply curious or lack time to cultivate personal relationships.

Camming is so profitable and easily accessible (all you need is an internet-connected computer and a webcam), it has attracted tens of thousands of models from every corner of the world, from

**For privacy and security reasons, camgirls are identified only by their online nicknames.*

students to single mothers to middle-age housewives. Camboys have entered the scene as well, catering to both gay and female audiences. But while most of the camgirls in the U.S. operate from their own homes, in Eastern Europe it has turned into a sizable industry, with professional studios providing equipped rooms, promotion tools, and web traffic in exchange for a share of the profits.

Due to the combination of good-looking girls, high-speed internet connectivity (according to the 2015 Akamai State of the Internet Report, Romania ranked 11th in the world), and a low cost of living, Romania has become the uncontested capital of this new trend. Local media and dedicated online forums estimate the country hosts around 700 studios from which 40,000 English-speaking models cater to more than 150 million users worldwide, from the Americas to India, Australia, Japan, and even Saudi Arabia.

Although it's still taboo for parts of local society, camming has become a common job for Romanian girls in their twenties. While some of them do it to pay tuition or support families, the vast majority are attracted to the potentially lucrative earnings of a job which, apparently, doesn't require any particular skill. Depending on her talent and the number of hours spent online, an average camgirl can make anywhere between $1,000 and $3,500 a month, in a country where the average monthly salary is around €400. "It's an easy way to make money, and at the same time you don't really force yourself with responsibilities," says Krina.

The story of this flamboyant girl with an undisguised passion for the gym and TV is similar to those of many other camgirls. Born in a small village in southeast Romania to a poor family of farmers, Krina had her first contact with camming at 19, when she joined a studio in the city of Constanta for a few months. "I still remember my first private show, I was very frightened and nervous," she laughs. "A client asked me to strip [down] and please myself. While I was doing it, the only thing I could think about were the vegetables I had to buy to prepare soup for dinner." Krina decided to become a full-time camgirl three years later when a family loss prompted her to abandon college and her €250-a-month waitressing job and move to Timisoara to do "video chat," as it's known in Romania. "I arrived here not having friends, not having anything," she says. "But I needed to change something in my life."

IT JUST TAKES KRINA A FEW MINUTES TO FILL HER FREE VIDEO CHAT WITH ADORING USERS FROM ALL AROUND THE WORLD, IMPLORING HER TO GET NAKED.

These days, Krina is the queen of Live Cams Mansion, which hosts a total of nine camgirls, all in their twenties, and managed by the portly Ionescu. The house has a distinct homey atmosphere, cut off from the outside world, where time passes in an endless circle of shows, cigarette breaks, and idle chitchat by the pool. The girls spend much of their spare time there and clearly enjoy each other's company. Since most of them come from outside Timisoara, the mansion helped them settle into their new lives and has been instrumental in forging strong friendships. The girls' personal stories of how their real and virtual worlds function together form a fascinating mosaic.

There is Lynette Smith, the youngest of the group, who is trying to manage camming with her studies and hopes her family and friends never find out what she does for a living; Bonnie Blue, a girl of Slovak origin, nicknamed "Super Girl" after a client asked her to put on a Superman-like costume, save him from a burning building, and then seduce him; Domina Monserrat, the mistress who caters to all types of fetish clients and who's thinking about moving to Italy to find a real slave to live with; and Kendra Blu, a former gymnast and the hope of Romania for the 2008 Beijing Olympics, whose sporting career was cut short by a back injury.

Most of them started this job because of the money, Ionescu says. "I have been in this business for more than ten years, and I still have yet to find a girl who does this because she likes it," he explains. But being a camgirl is much harder than many expect. Only around ten percent of the users who visit their chatrooms are willing to pay (the rest are commonly identified as "beggars"), so competition is fierce, and the girls must sometimes wait hours for a show.

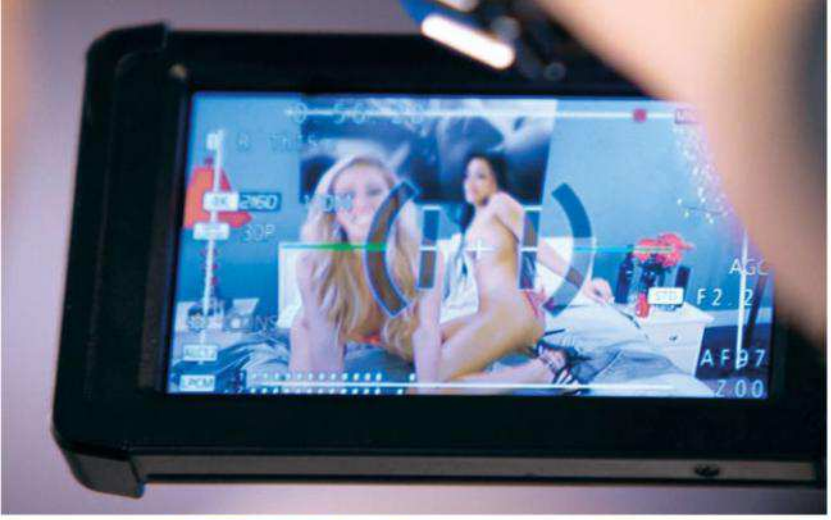
"At times it is very boring, but you can't just sit on the bed and read a book," explains 20-year-old Lynette. "You have to be ready and make customers feel you are there." On the other hand, when their chatrooms fill with dozens and sometimes hundreds of users, models can have a hard time coping with different requests, questions, comments, and sometimes insults, all of them coming at the same time. According to Amalia, the HR manager in charge of interviews at the mansion, only two girls of out ten make it past the first month. "This job is nerve-wracking" she explains. "Girls need nerves of steel to do it."

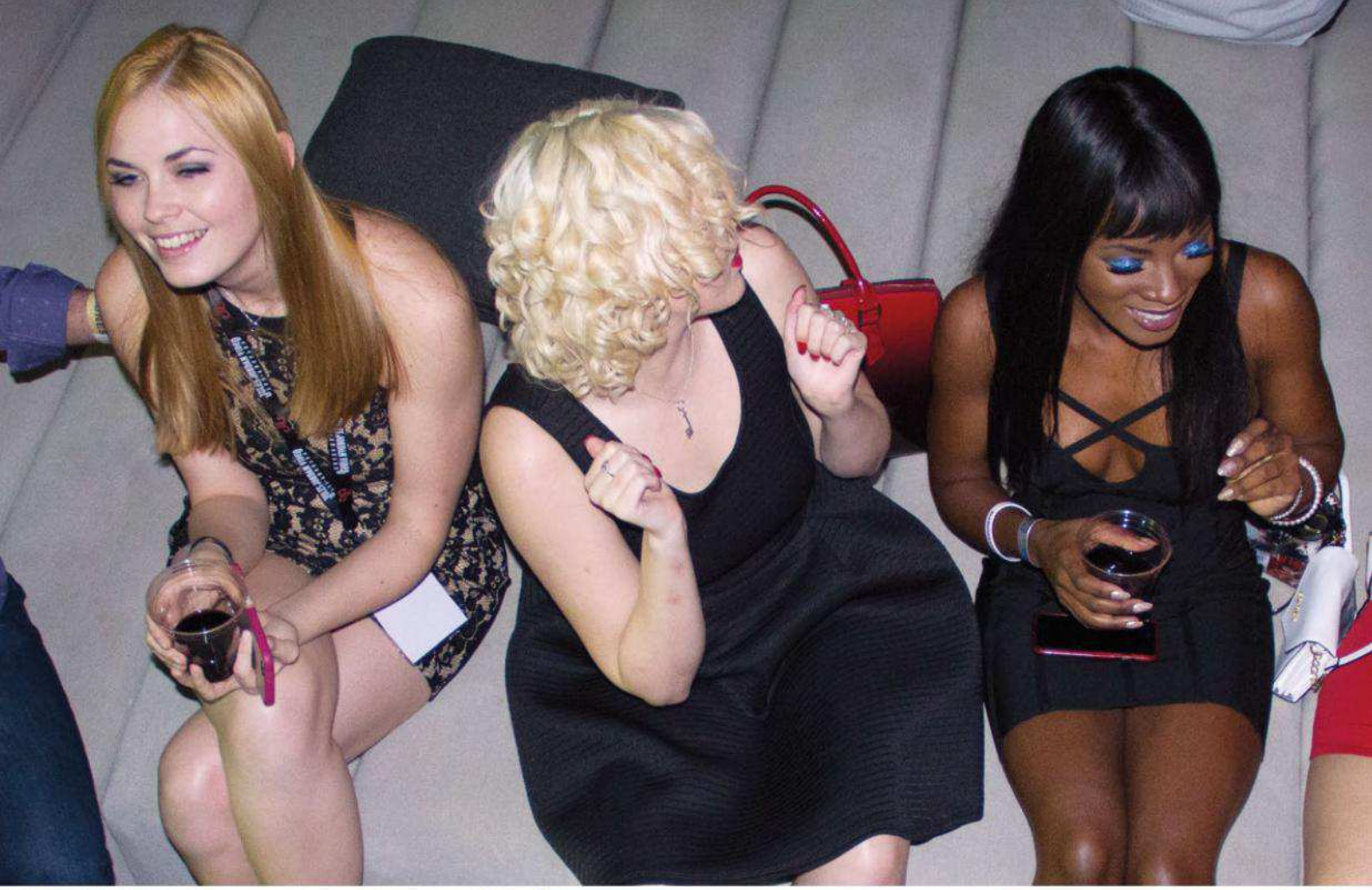
Managing the times when clients are few and the pressure to earn intensifies can also be difficult. "Even if you had a bad day, or you are desperate because you haven't earned anything for a while, you cannot show it," explains Natali Rose, a 25-year-old camgirl from Timisoara who started working at Live Cams Mansion last October. "You need a lot of self-control, because every emotion that you have is visible on camera."

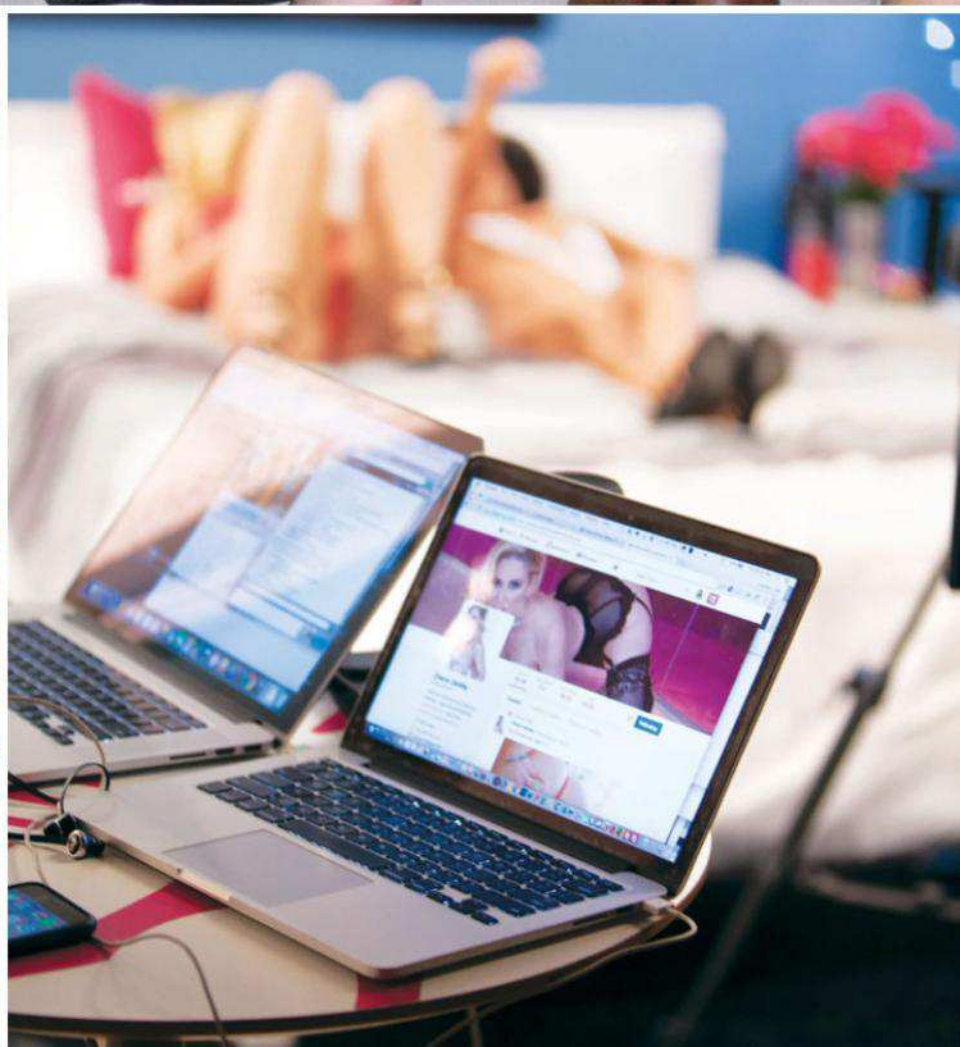
One of the most difficult parts of the job is having to cope with the social stigma associated with camming. While camgirls are among the most successful professionals in Romania, the shame sometimes connected with it prevents many from feeling proud of their achievements. A brief tour of the University of Timisoara provides a glimpse of how locals perceive camming. One young female student describes camgirls as "whores," and adds she recently cut ties with a friend who started doing it. A group of older girls doesn't know much about it, but fears it might be the first step toward more dangerous activities like prostitution.

Camgirls are quick to point out that there's no physical contact with clients, no human trafficking connected with camming, and that they are free to refuse to perform anything they don't feel comfortable doing. "I am not ashamed of what I do," says Natali calmly. "Many girls are doing this. Generations are changing, and young people don't have such a bad conception about it anymore."

Natali lives in her mother's house, but her mother now works in Italy as a restaurant cook. Although she has been aware of the industry for a long time, Natali summoned the courage for a job interview at Live Cams Mansion after talking with a female friend who was a camgirl herself. So far, Natali is extremely happy with her choice. "I used to be shy, now I feel more self-confident about myself and my body," she explains. "I socialize much more easily, both online and in real life." Natali hasn't told her family about what she does, but she plans to the next time she talks to her mother face-to-face. "I expect







her to get angry at first," she says, her fingers playing with her red braids. "But I am sure she will understand after seeing how many things I can afford now."

Camgirls typically have modest backgrounds, often coming from villages where work opportunities are few. Those who decide to tell their families are usually scorned at first, but the fact that they often earn much more than their parents or elder siblings is a powerful, convincing force. Like Natali, whose parents are estranged, many camgirls also come from families whose parents have died, are divorced, or work abroad, conditions that facilitate camming because of reduced familial control. The girls generally don't have a high level of education, nor a clear plan for their future, apart from very general goals like finding a partner and building a family. Almost all of them would like to set up a business, but, by their own admission, lack the skills to manage their finances properly.

Ionescu, who acts as a father figure for many of them, constantly tries to advise them, showing a sincere concern for their fate. "I am worried because most of them don't have goals in life and just think about today," he says in frustration. "They come to work only when they need money, and when they gain some, they spend it all." Managing those earnings is vital, as camming doesn't last forever. The industry has a very high turnover and girls burn out quickly. Spending so much time in a closed room, isolated from the outside world, takes a huge mental toll on the models, and many of them are forced to drop their studies, friendships, and relationships to concentrate on work. Those who don't disclose what they do have a particularly hard time justifying their activities to family and boyfriends, especially during night shifts.

"It is very tiring, these long hours online prevent me from doing anything else. I don't have friends outside of here because I can't manage my time," says 27-year-old Baby Vanessa, the eldest camgirl here and the only one who seems to like the job for what it is. Originally from Transylvania, Vanessa has always dreamed of appearing in Coca-Cola ads and on *Playboy* covers. Raised in a middle-class family by parents who worked as teachers, she earned a master's degree in business management and describes herself as a "very smart" girl. "I had the chance of being anything I wanted, but I got stuck into this business. It's like an addiction," she explains with a hint of regret in her voice. "I love to see users simply worshipping me. I have clients logging in from work just to say hello." Still heartbroken from a relationship that ended three years ago, Vanessa wants a family but is unable to picture herself leaving a job that satisfies the exhibitionist side of her personality. "I like to show myself, to dance, to be sexy and crazy, but at the same time I feel I disappointed my family," she says. "They had huge expectations for me, and I could be much more than what I am now."

Because camming is not a particularly gratifying job, Ionescu tries to motivate the girls with success stories like that of InnocentKat, a beautiful, classy 25-year-old Romanian who cammed for six years, earning up to $25,000 per month. "I started to have more clients when I paid more attention to the setting of my room, my clothes, the quality of my webcam," she explains, attributing her success to a mix of attention to small details and psychology. "I was constantly mixing things up. One day I was fully covered in an abaya, the other day I could be wearing only lingerie." With time, InnocentKat started to understand the different mind-sets of the clients and to take control of the conversations. "You have to show them you have a strong personality. I wouldn't undress or do anything in private if the clients were not asking me politely," she says. "Moreover, I never lied. If I had a boyfriend, I would tell them. Some clients were going crazy, speaking about committing suicide because they were in love with me."

To attract customers and gain their loyalty, modern camgirls need to have attitude, be engaging, communicative, good listeners, and mindful of their clients' needs—something that's easier said than done. The more honed these qualities are, the more a camgirl will be able to run her own show, without focusing so much on the sexual part. "Nowadays there are a lot of private shows that are about conversations and online friendships, rather than sex," says Jamie Rodriguez, brand manager at Flirt4Free. "Being a pretty, smiling girl in front of a camera was probably enough 15 years ago when the industry was so new, but it is not sufficient now."

It's common for camgirls to rely on the customers who fall in love, as they are often the best clients who build relationships that go beyond erotic shows. "You can be more open with them, especially if you don't feel like performing," explains Natali. "One of my clients lost his wife a few years ago and never recovered from the shock. He would buy a private show only to cook for the two of us as if I were her." Vanessa had a Portuguese client who offered to wire her €10,000, and another one from Texas who recently hinted at marrying her. Many of them fantasize about meeting the girls in real life one day, a very unlikely scenario, since camgirls never reveal personal details, for obvious security reasons. "There are all kinds of weird people out there, and you don't want to find a stalker or a psycho in front of your house," says Krina.

AMONG LIVE CAMS MANSION'S VARIOUS CLIENTS ARE A FAMOUS AMERICAN RAPPER, A NOBEL PRIZE WINNER, AND A SPANISH NATIONAL SOCCER PLAYER.

Twenty-six-year-old Arianna Smith, another camgirl working at the agency, once received a tip of $6,000 from a Spanish customer. "I remember staring at the monitor in disbelief. He was on the other side of the screen, and I couldn't stop crying [from] joy," she explains. Thanks to that money, Arianna was able to pay for breast implants, which she says will help her earn even more. Although she is already making around $3,000 a month, she is convinced she can earn up to $10,000. "I don't consider myself particularly smart, but I am a very strong woman. You need to fight every day for what you want," she says, her black eyes showing her determination. "I want to buy my own house and car. Camming will help me achieve my goals."

As for her Spanish admirer, Arianna feels deep affection for him, but nothing that will ever match the man's feelings toward her. This disparity is part of the job, and models are very aware of it, being their clients' psychologists, friends, and love consultants. The fact that camgirls will always remain a virtual dream is something customers must know deep in their hearts, but fantasizing about this forbidden, impossible love is perhaps something they need in order to cope with their real lives.

"This is part of the job, we are selling illusions," says Ionescu. "If they want to buy them, it's not our fault."

INTOXICOLOGIST

Sash de Bleu is more than your average glass wipe, she's a goddamn genius at tending bar. But boredom mixed with booze can get even the best of us on a slow night. Let's see how she passes the time, shall we?

Photography: Angelo Beltran

BEATEN BY A GIRL

BY JENNY NORDBAK

I WAS having a typical Monday. My foot-worship client had been late, which meant I was running behind for an appointment with a new client.

Sometimes new clients gave the Desk Mistress an idea of what kind of session they're looking for, but with this one I was walking in blind. He could want me to be anything from an Amazonian warrior to a schoolteacher. I should probably have been more stressed, but it's just so hard to work up an appropriate level of anxiety after getting paid to have a foot massage. Every woman should have a foot slave.

"You must be Mark," I said reassuringly to the uncomfortable but good-looking man sitting in a chair in the lobby.

We sat down across from each other in the interview room where scenes were negotiated and long-buried fantasies were finally laid on the table. It was a complex social situation: In the space of a few minutes, I had to be confessor, therapist, and temptress while negotiating a business transaction, anticipating what boundaries needed to be established, and reading the subtext of a client's fetishes.

I once ended up with a sobbing puppy-play client because I failed to ascertain that he was supposed to always be a well-behaved dog. The instant "Bad dog!" left my lips, I knew I'd made a horrible mistake. He reacted the same way a frightened puppy would: He peed his pants and dissolved into a shivering, whimpering heap. It's all about nuances.

Mark was incredibly nervous during his interview. His was one of the less bizarre, easier to understand fetishes, yet he was deeply insecure about it. As a child he had been beaten up by a girl on the playground who squeezed his head between her thighs, and then ignored his muffled pleas for

help and humiliated tears. Evidently Mark was held between that girl's thighs for so long that he genuinely thought he was going to die, and somehow the intensity of the memory had become a sexual fixation for him.

Instead of roleplaying as children, he wanted us to pretend to be adult neighbors to see if the fantasy would still work. I guess it was like me trying to masturbate with my left hand. It should work in theory, but it's just a little off, which might be enough to prevent it from happening.

In this fantasy, I had been playing my music obnoxiously loud, night after night. Even though deep down he was a pansy, on this night Mark had decided to man up and say something. He was going to march over to my house and make me turn it down. And I was going to summarily destroy his manhood. Sounded like a good time to me!

Having established the narrative of the scene along with boundaries, rules, and expectations, we were ready to head upstairs and get things started. I didn't give Mark any more time to get nervous or overthink things. We assumed our respective positions in the room.

Mark walked over to my "house" and knocked on the wall forcefully.

"What the fuck do you want?" He was taken aback by my abruptness.

"If you don't turn your music down I'm going to have to…have to…umm, call the cops!"

"Just try calling the cops, you pathetic little rodent. Tell them how much of a pussy you are. I bet you're such a wimp that I could beat you up."

My hand shot out and snatched his balls in a punishing grip. I could actually see all coherent thought flee his mind in that instant. I spun him around in a circle, leading him by the balls, and slammed him into the wall.

I ONCE ENDED UP WITH A SOBBING PUPPY-PLAY CLIENT BECAUSE I FAILED TO ASCERTAIN HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A WELL-BEHAVED DOG.

Fantasy wrestling could be hard because it had to be forceful enough to be believable, but in most cases the clients didn't want to leave with stitches. I found that I was small enough that using almost full force worked just fine. I always went for it, and if it was too much, they were quick to let me know.

When Mark was off-balance, I knocked him to the ground and sat down heavily on his chest.

"What are you gonna do now, pussy boy? Call the cops? Tell them you got your ass kicked by a girl?"

"No, no! I won't call anyone! Just let me go home!"

"But I'm not finished with you yet," I pouted.

I decided to improvise and start with a classic face-sitting move. I squatted over his face, pressed my thighs together, and sat down, effectively cutting off his air supply and smashing his face with my cloth-covered lady bits.

For most guys who are into smothering, this is a major part of the appeal. It isn't so much that they're being smothered as it is that they're being smothered by the ass, pussy, and thighs of a woman they are attracted to. A pillow generally doesn't have the same effect.

Mark squirmed under me, but a boner check told me he was rather enjoying this new addition to his fantasy. I lifted up occasionally to let him catch snatches of air, before moving on to the head scissors.

I slid up and to the side, pushing one thigh under his head and wrapping the other up and over his throat, bringing my knees together to meet. We had agreed in the interview that if the pressure got to be too much, he would tap me twice and I would loosen my grip.

Without releasing any tension between my thighs, I shifted around to get comfortable. I was going to be here for a while. After several minutes, Mark tried to pry my legs apart, writhing and moaning between them. He was whimpering barely audible pleas for help.

"Please…I can't breathe!" he hissed with difficulty.

"Shhh!" I slapped him in the face and turned away pointedly.

Mark started to cry, wetting my thighs with his effeminate tears. Between the intensity of the moment and the tears rolling across my thighs, I was incredibly aroused. The power was a rush—but not just the physical power of having him at my mercy. It was that he was surrendering himself to me, allowing me to push him and take him to this crazy place. Trust is such a turn-on. So are tears.

"Please!" he sobbed desperately. I chuckled quietly in response.

Something about my total lack of concern while Mark thought he was going to die pushed him to the next level. His tears flowed freely, but he was palming his erection under his pants. I wanted to make him use his tears as lube, but that wasn't for this scene.

"Please! I'm going to die!" he whispered.

When I kept ignoring him, he sobbed in earnest, but his stroking motions were getting frantic under his sweatpants. I squeezed a little bit harder to match his heightened intensity, but I had to be careful not to unintentionally knock him out in the heat of the moment. As I heard him alternately pant and hold his breath, I knew he was getting close. He groaned and came, shuddering in waves beneath me.

I got Mark a towel, handing it to him as he sat up.

"That was seriously perfect. I loved the part where you sat on my face. I've never tried that before."

"Great. I'm really glad!"

"Man, you must think I'm a total weirdo for being into this shit," he said.

"Don't be silly," I told him. "Your fantasy is really hot. There's no reason to feel ashamed of anything when you're here. As long as it's safe, sane, and consensual, there's probably someone here who's down."

Inside the walls of the Dungeon, it was easy to forget that the outside world even existed. There were no feelings of guilt or shame there, no preconceived notion of normal. It was a place where pleasure and fantasy were sacred.

From *The Scarlett Letters: My Secret Year of Men in an L.A. Dungeon* by Jenny Nordbak. Copyright (c) 2017 by the author and reprinted by permission of St. Martin's Press, LLC.

FOOL ME ONCE

BY JEFF KAMEN

THE Fool Killer's comin' to town, Jeff, and you don't want him lookin' fo' you, so better not be a fool, understan'?" Hobie Smith–a good man and at least 40 years my senior–was teaching me how to survive in the real world. "Keep your eyes on the hands of the man shuffling the damn deck, boy!"

The grandson of Alabama slaves, Hobie was tickling the tired, stained deck of cards, getting ready for the next hand of Tonk. In many ways, I grew up at Johnny's Cab Stand, next to the railroad tracks in segregated Roslyn, New York, where Hobie was the taxi dispatcher and dispenser of gritty wisdom to anyone who'd listen. I was 15, the son of upper-middle-class parents who knew that if they couldn't find me, to call Johnny's.

At Johnny's, I had another name–"the White Boy"–and it was said with love and laughter. You see, white people didn't come to Johnny's Cab Stand. They went to Salerno Taxi on the other side of the railroad tracks. Johnny's was for the black maids on their way to and from jobs in houses like mine.

I'd stumbled into Johnny's one cold night when Salerno was closed, and found myself among new friends. As the weeks went by and I listened to tales of life in the Jim Crow South and still-segregated North, I got more confident.

"Hey, Hobie, I think it's my deal!" Hobie's handsome, weathered face split into a wide, satisfied grin as he handed me the deck. He was getting through to the dumbass teenager who liked to hang out with and learn from black men who experienced life very differently.

Over the months of afternoons and nights I spent at the cab stand, I got to meet saints and criminals and a lot of people who (Hobie told me later) were "complete fools." By the time my family left Roslyn for Portland, Maine, two years later, I had definitely decided against being a fool. Of course, I had no idea it would be an ongoing, lifelong effort.…

Good intentions do not necessarily keep us off the List of Fools. Once, on a first date with a colleague–a lovely White House correspondent–I totally blew it. I was trying to impress her with how "compassionate" I was. Less than a block from the White House, we approached a group of homeless men. My date commented quietly on their difficult lives; puffed up by my own ego, I decided to get some points for being a Really Kind Guy. I looked at one of them standing over a heat grate and said, "Hey, brother, how's it going?" He looked at me as though I were crazy, took one step closer, and decked me with a strong right cross.

When I looked up from the sidewalk, the guy was walking away, muttering about someone named "Idiot," and the woman I'd wanted to impress was, well, not. It took me hours to figure out that I had paid the price for being an arrogant fool. I was so self-absorbed, it hadn't occurred to me how it might feel to be that homeless man, encrusted in dirt, to have some well-dressed, clean-shaven fellow with a pretty woman on his arm enter his space, asking him, "How's it going?" His punch to my head was a crime, but I provoked it–by being a fool.

WHETHER WE COME AT POLITICS FROM THE LEFT OR THE RIGHT, HAVING A VOICE MEANS NOTHING UNLESS WE USE IT.

I confess to having been a fool because I repeatedly failed to engage aggressively on behalf of causes in which I believe. I left it to others to rise up against environment-killing projects. I stayed warm, dry, and tear-gas-free while other friends journeyed to North Dakota to support the river protectors. I could cite other examples.

If we haven't stood up for whatever it is we believe in, we have earned our way into the Club of Fools. Automatic membership is afforded to those of us who did not vote, did not demonstrate, did not volunteer, did not write letters to members of Congress, did not engage at all in making our country a better place to live. To all of us who fit that description, the joke's on us. Especially if we've been too busy getting laid, getting rich, or playing games to get involved with real life.

Whether we come at politics from the left or the right, having a voice means nothing unless we use it. Having a conviction is meaningless unless we act on it. Of course, we all have to make a living. It's how we assign the rest of our time and energy which defines whether we are, in fact, fools, or smart, active players in the lives of our communities and our nation.

Politicians often play the public for fools through their highly sophisticated use of media. Manipulative messaging is always

wrapped in something noble-sounding. When a politician talks constantly about making us safer, his hidden message is, "Be afraid! Be very afraid!" Frightened people are the easiest to victimize—especially if the manipulators tell us how tough they are and how strong we'll be so long as we support them.

Our free will is the guardian of our independence. Its erosion leads to our subservience. In our complex, informationally chaotic world, it's possible to not even realize that we've surrendered because the process can be so gradual. Manipulative messaging can be so constant and repetitive that it seeps past our defenses and fools us into believing what's not true. It's especially difficult to know that our personal power is being compromised when clever messaging triggers our own very real and deep-seated frustration and shapes it into rage.

Then it's game-on with the manipulators calling the shots. If unscrupulous political leaders can keep us enraged, they've got us. Fury can make us feel like roaring lions. Then there's the embarrassment that follows after realizing we've been tricked into getting high on our anger.

From Moscow to Manila, from Washington to Islamabad, the power grabbers and the self-righteous are happy to make fools of us as they drain our personal freedom by misdirecting and frightening us. What they count on is that we are so drenched in our self-interest, so ego-involved that we won't bother to observe, let alone speak out, as they vampire off someone else's freedom or safety. Authoritarian regimes which attempt to damage us over the long run are already slicing and dicing the personal freedom of their own people.

IN OUR COMPLEX WORLD, IT'S POSSIBLE TO NOT EVEN REALIZE THAT WE'VE SURRENDERED BECAUSE THE PROCESS CAN BE SO GRADUAL.

In Putin's Russia, the government is decriminalizing domestic violence. Anticipating the change in the law, some cops are already telling women who are being beaten by their husbands to call back, but only after their partners kill them. This is not an April Fools' joke, nor are any of the other situations I'm about to describe.

In Turkey, the increasingly paranoid and repressive government is smashing the press, arresting, on average, one reporter every day, while forcing some journalists into exile, leaving the people to be informed by intimidated media.

In China, all forms of dissent are being crushed under the weight of the State. But there's so much money to be made there, many American business leaders hold their noses, smile, and sell their souls by their silence.

In Washington, the Trump administration not only ordered the press to "keep its mouth shut" (yeah, that'll work), but it has also issued a lethal "global gag rule" blocking federal funding to international nongovernmental organizations that "promote" or provide abortions. This makes pro-life purists feel better, but in the third world it creates horror. Forcing charities to shut up about safe ways to end pregnancies condemns impoverished women to head for back-alley abortionists, untrained local practitioners, or self-infliction, which leads to infection, sepsis, death, and the orphaning of their existing children.

In France, the anti-Muslim leader Marine Le Pen's star is rising fast. The charismatic right-wing ideologue and powerful opponent of immigration is looking more and more like she might be elected President of France (and if not in the next election, then sometime soon). One of Le Pen's admirers is the 27-year-old French-Canadian Alexandre Bissonnette, the right-wing extremist who confessed to slaughtering six innocent Muslims earlier this year as they prayed in their mosque in Quebec. Bissonnette invaded the sacred space with his AK-47 assault rifle and, reloading twice, shot people in the back as they prayed.

In Germany, the far-right wing is rising as more and more Germans join the ranks of the frightened because of violence committed by refugees, and the artful way right-wing politicians pumped up the anger of ordinary Germans. The biggest-headline crimes had to do with sex, including some rapes and the public groping of almost 100 women at a festival in Cologne. All of it is horrible and inexcusable. How it happened is complicated but instructive.

Stressed by the desperate need to find housing, food, and other creature comforts for over a million asylum seekers, the German government did not teach the tide of incoming, mostly conservative Muslims how to relate to Germany's sexually liberated culture. An ugly collision was inevitable and predictable.

But being overwhelmed doesn't excuse Angela Merkel's government from climbing onto the Fool Train and dragging the entire country along. Poor Merkel was trying to do the right thing. Since the end of World War II and the de-Nazification of Germany, her country has worked hard to be a beacon of compassion. For decades, Germany has accepted and acted on the core truth that failure to accept our involvement in all of humanity condemns us as heartless fools.

After the horror of the Holocaust, a German Christian pastor named Martin Niemöller reminded the world of how frightened people remained silent in the face of Hitler's rise to power. His words, crafted 71 years ago, are worthy of the attention of anyone who does not wish to be a fool today:

"First they came for the Socialists, and I did not speak out.
Because I was not a Socialist.
Then they came for the Trade Unionists, and I did not speak out.
Because I was not a Trade Unionist.
Then they came for the Jews, and I did not speak out.
Because I was not a Jew.
Then they came for me—and there was no one left to speak for me."

Pastor Niemöller's warning slices into our consciousness like an icy rain. Our only hope for getting off the Fools' Express is to become fully awake, to realize that we are being played by others for their own purposes, and to consciously reject anyone's attempt to frighten us into the next level of being a fool: believing in false conspiracy theories.

That, of course, does not preclude the existence of real conspiracies—including the corruption of politicians by corporations, drug dealers, and foreign governments, and coordinated efforts to deny Americans access to the ballot. Every single one of those conspiracies is not only real, but plays all of us for fools no matter what month of the year it is.

On the other hand, false conspiracy theories are distractions, designed to increase fear and subvert the clarity of our thinking.

So long as we are obsessed with phony conspiracies, the very real manipulators pick our pockets, create false divisions within our society, and make our country more vulnerable to attack from actual terrorists.

The master of real conspiracies inside the Trump White House is Stephen Bannon, the right-wing extremist writer and media manipulator who redirected Trump's faltering campaign to victory by playing on the frustrations of middle- and working-class white people in states rich in electoral college votes.

Bannon has a big agenda of his own: tearing down existing democratic institutions. His conspiracy to do just that required him to get his hands on the levers of power inside the White House. He already had prime access to the Oval Office and the president's ear. But he wanted to make sure that nonpolitical national security professionals—our country's best experts—would be unable to influence Trump in ways contrary to Bannon's desire.

To do that, Bannon would have to keep the president from the Director of National Intelligence and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—our top military commander. These men would routinely see any president at regular meetings of the Principals' Committee of the National Security Council—the organization responsible for providing the president swift guidance on immediate and long-term threats to the nation.

So, Bannon had Trump remove the Director and the Chairman from those regular meetings. In their place: Bannon and White House Chief of Staff Reince Priebus. That turns the Principals' meeting of the NSC into an ideological echo chamber of shared political perspective led by people who boast of having "alternative facts" when the real facts are displeasing to them.

With the Director of National Intelligence and the nation's top military leader excluded from regular NSC Principals' meetings, dissenting opinions are likely to become things of the past, and further wall off the president from reality—should he ever be interested in it. That kind of insulation leads to incompetent and highly destabilizing actions, like Trump's partial ban on Muslims entering the U.S.

Trump's ban created havoc and utterly unnecessary pain in the lives of thousands of innocent and fully vetted people. More than 100,000 visas were revoked within days of Bannon/Trump's new policy. Denying access to all Syrian refugees who were fleeing absolute horror began to create a new, darker picture of America. The Statue of Liberty's lamp had been dimmed, albeit temporarily, in the name of "security." The ban also fed neatly into the ISIS narrative, which says the racist West, led by America, is engaged in continuous conflict with Islam.

That's all fine with human wrecking ball Bannon, the white nationalist who once declared, "I'm a Leninist." Bannon's words refer to the brutal leader of the Russian Communist Revolution of 1917. "Lenin wanted to destroy the state, and that's my goal, too," Bannon told the Daily Beast four years ago. "I want to bring everything crashing down, and destroy all of today's establishment."

Bannon's desire to trash all institutions includes respected right-wing media organizations. "*National Review* and *The Weekly Standard* are both left-wing magazines, and I want to destroy them also," he said. That Bannon is now the Svengali at Trump's ear, that he now has a seat at the NSC, is a huge joke on all of us. Bannon is making a fool of Trump, who is so blinded by his own narcissism that he loses interest in seeing anything but his own reflection. One former CIA case officer said of Trump, "Oh, he'd be easy to manipulate, because of his narcissism."

Today, the phenomenal power of our executive branch appears to be in the hands of an emotionally insecure president, vulnerable to flattery, who's under the sway of Bannon, a brilliant manipulator with his own bizarre and dangerous agenda.

In a demonstration of startling tone-deafness, the White House put the seven-country Muslim ban into effect on International Holocaust Remembrance Day—the day the world is supposed to remember the horrors of the Nazi death camps. That's when we are all called on to honor the memory of six million Jews, plus thousands of gay people and other enemies of the Nazi State who were gassed, shot, strangled, and beaten to death. The orders for those mechanized murders came from Berlin—from Adolf Hitler and the architects of what was elegantly titled, "The Final Solution to the Jewish Question."

In its official Holocaust Remembrance Day declaration, Trump's White House did not use the word "Jew" for the first time in the European history of such declarations—as though the mass murder of Jews had not been the reason for the Holocaust. Was that a strange oversight? No. It's part of an emerging pattern. The White House ordered the State Department not to publish its annual Holocaust Remembrance statement because it referred to Jews as the primary victims. Officials in the State Department were flummoxed. A routine declaration had been turned into an alarming act of censorship. What's going on? In public discussion of the Holocaust, eliminating references to Jews or downplaying the number killed is the beginning of Holocaust denial and is a hallmark of the anti-semitic, white nationalist movements associated with Bannon.

BANNON IS MAKING A FOOL OF TRUMP, WHO IS SO BLINDED BY HIS OWN NARCISSISM THAT HE LOSES INTEREST IN SEEING ANYTHING BUT HIS OWN REFLECTION.

President Trump's chief strategist Bannon is working to expand the limits of acceptibility of the kinds of lies, deceptions, and other poisonous propaganda that he delights in spreading as part of his campaign of societal destruction.

Thanks in part to Bannon, we are living in a time of fear-driven politics successfully masquerading as the defense of national security. But the falsity of the national security argument becomes apparent under any careful test. When the Cato Institute—a conservative think tank—researched the number of Americans killed by terrorists from the seven countries Trump banned, researchers came up with a stunning answer: Zero. None. Not even one. And Cato went back to 1975, when my dear friend and mentor, Dr. Robert H. Kupperman, did the very first study of terrorism for the White House. (In 1989, Kupperman and I wrote the book *Final Warning: Averting Disaster in the New Age of Terrorism*.)

It's remarkable that Trump's partial Muslim ban, which was supposed to make us safer from terror, excluded Saudi Arabia, the country that produced 15 of the 9/11 hijackers. The Saudi power structure has long been the top funder of the extremist Salafist Sunni Muslim preachers whose fiery rhetoric feeds the flames of jihadism around the world and justifies its bloody violence. But Trump has done big business with the Saudis, so it's no surprise that Saudi Arabia was not on the list of banned nations.

The ban was all smoke and mirrors. It was deception designed to make Trump's angry, frightened political base feel like he's keeping his promise to protect them. It didn't.

The biggest threat from jihadists inside America comes from young people who become radicalized over the internet. The Obama administration created funding for local groups to educate young people across America away from the propaganda of ISIS and Al Qaeda, and of white supremacists. Within days of the new president assuming office, word began leaking that Bannon/Trump wanted to change that program to address only the prevention of violence by Muslim extremists. Then Trump issued his travel ban. Quickly, some of the nonprofit organizations receiving that anti-violence funding began rejecting it out of disgust with the Bannon/Trump campaign against Islam.

Mubin Shaikh, a former intelligence operative whose undercover work prevented multiple terrorist attacks in the U.S. and Canada, says the insistence of Trump supporters on believing that his Muslim ban was a good idea reminds him of the mind-set of radicalized young Muslims he interviewed. They had become so invested in their beliefs that no presentation of facts could move them from their fiercely held ideology.

On the travel ban and the program to prevent radicalization, Bannon/Trump played us all for fools. But more and more people who have no political agenda are beginning to speak out. Among those who are hoping to keep us from marching into the Fools' Hall of Shame is Michael Vincent Hayden. Before he retired, he was a four-star Air Force general. His brilliant mind and willingness to speak truth to power took him to his next three jobs: Director of the National Security Agency, Principal Deputy Director of National Intelligence, and Director of the CIA. General Hayden says the Muslim ban only helped ISIS, and that its effect on the humanitarian crisis is "an abomination."

Even Bannon/Trump would have trouble making people believe Hayden is soft on terrorism. But if he does bad mouth General Hayden, there are some who would believe it, because breaking from Bannon/Trump would be akin to separating from an imagined, all-powerful daddy who will protect us, no matter what. When our brains are in the hands of Bannon and his crew of master message manipulators, anything can happen.

During the presidential campaign, many people came to believe the completely bizarre rumor that the Clintons were running a child sex ring out of a popular pizza joint in D.C. where I would routinely bring my daughters to play ping-pong and eat. Thank God we were not there the day some poor fool who believed the fake news he'd read online walked in with an assault rifle. He'd come to liberate the children he thought were being held as sex slaves. He fired a round, fortunately hitting no one. As the police led him away, the poor fool was heard to say, "I guess the intel on this wasn't so good."

It all takes me back to my after-school life at Johnny's Cab Stand and my first guru, Mr. Hobie Smith. "You got to stay awake and pay attention to what's going on around you," Hobie warned, "because the Fool Killer is always out there."

FREE PORN 2016 YEAR IN REVIEW

Last year was a big year for free porn, and it's fascinating to glimpse into a corner of the internet that isn't discussed in most mixed company. Feast your eyes on the following infographics, and rest assured that your weird search habits probably aren't that weird.

MOST SEARCHED-FOR PORN STARS

RANK CHANGE 2016	
▲ 2	Lisa Ann
	Mia Khalifa
▼ 2	Kim Kardashian
▲ 4	Riley Reid
▼ 1	Sunny Leone
▲ 1	Brandi Love
▼ 1	Asa Akira
▼ 3	Madison Ivy
	Alexis Texas
▲ 10	Dillon Harper
▲ 1	Mia Malkova
▲ 5	August Ames
▲ 1	Nicole Aniston
▼ 4	Sasha Grey
▲ 1	Sara Jay
▲ 10	Dani Daniels
▼ 6	Christy Mack
▲ 52	Piper Perri
▼ 1	Ava Adams
▲ 1	Rachel Starr

Video Views in 2016

LISA
234,170,207

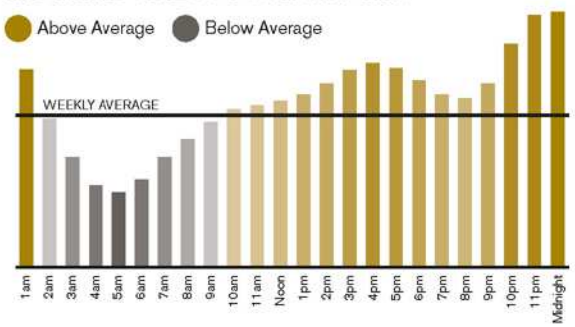
KIM
81,601,096

RILEY
340,127,141

SUNNY
53,945,505

NEARLY 92 BILLION VIDEOS WERE WATCHED OVER THE COURSE OF 23 BILLION VISITS TO THE WEBSITE

FAVORITE TIMES TO WATCH PORN



TIME SPENT PER VISIT IN THE U.S.

TOP 10 COUNTRIES
WITH PER CAPITA PAGE VIEWS

TOP 10 SEARCHES OF 2016
IN THE UNITED STATES:

	stepmom
▲ 1	lesbian
▲ 4	stepsister
▲ 2	MILF
▼ 3	cartoon
▲ 12	ebony
▲ 18	lesbians scissoring
▼ 4	teen
▼ 4	black
	mom
▼ 2	threesome
▼ 1	creampie

TOP 3 CATEGORIES
1. lesbian
2. ebony
3. teen

TOP 3 PORN STARS
1. Kim Kardashian
2. Mia Khalifa
3. Lisa Ann

TOP GAINING SEARCHES
VR
burglar
Star Wars
Harley Quinn
robbers

RELATIVE SEARCHES
SEARCHED MORE COMPARED TO WORLD
1. big booty Latina
2. big black dick
3. ebony

MOST SEARCHED-FOR TERMS

	lesbian
▲ 1	stepmom
▲ 2	MILF
▼ 2	teen
▲ 2	stepsister
	mom
▼ 3	cartoon
▲ 3	hentai
	massage
▲ 4	Japanese
NEW	overwatch
	anal
▲ 4	ebony
▼ 1	threesome
▲ 28	lesbians scissoring
▲ 3	creampie
▲ 1	Asian
▼ 8	black
▼ 11	squirt
▼ 4	gangbang

REFERENCE: PORNHUB.COM/INSIGHTS

FORUM REJECTS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JASON JOHNSON

THE BEST OF THE WORST FROM *PENTHOUSE* LETTERS

DEAR *Penthouse,*

I moved to Los Angeles when I was 24 to pursue my career as a photographer. I'd only encountered a few gay people prior, but now I was surrounded by them…and they were fabulous. Their clothes matched, they smelled amazing, they had the best drugs, and everyone loved them.

Mostly because my gay friends swear by it, I wanted to try anal sex. Not giving. Receiving. And while I never had a hankering for some dude to push his bony pickle into my asshole, I became fixated on "pegging," although I never had the opportunity to try it…until I met Rebecca.

Rebecca and I went on a few dates, and she claimed she was open to just about anything sexually. I really liked this chick and I wanted to impress her with my level of openness. I also wanted the experience to be perfect.

On the day I decided it was time to do the deed, I called my Fairy Godmother–aka my flamboyant neighbor Ricardo–for advice. First and foremost, he told me to make sure I was "running clear."

Running clear?

"Girl, you don't know what running clear means?"

"No, Ricardo. I'm straight."

"It means you've cleaned yourself out 'back there.' Go get an enema kit."

Sounded easy enough. So I picked up an enema kit from my drugstore and went home to get clear.

I opened the box and read the instructions–*start the process lying down on my back?* My bathroom was too small, so I opted to lie on my bed. *Insert the business end of the nozzle and squeeze.* I immediately felt disgusting…and I needed to shit badly. But the slightest movement made it near impossible to hold back what was violently trying to find its way out.

By some miracle, I managed to keep everything inside as I bolted across the hall and into the shower. After ten minutes of what can only be described as a total horror show, I was "clear." An absolutely miserable experience, but I was glowing–feeling romantic as fuck, like I was willing to endure anything for this girl.

I meticulously prepared for our date: I put on a sweater with a collared shirt, laced up my new Chuck Taylors, and sprayed myself down with some Tom Ford. I was ready for anything.

The date was awesome. We were having the best time when suddenly my stomach dropped. I cut her off mid-sentence.

"I'll be right back!" I barked as I scurried off to the bathroom where I basically recreated Harry's famous bathroom scene from *Dumb and Dumber.* I'm sweaty, I'm cramping, and I think I'm dying. I text Fairy Godmother frantically: *Help!*

Did you use the liquid in the bottle or tap water? he asked.

Bottle.

LOL, no honey….

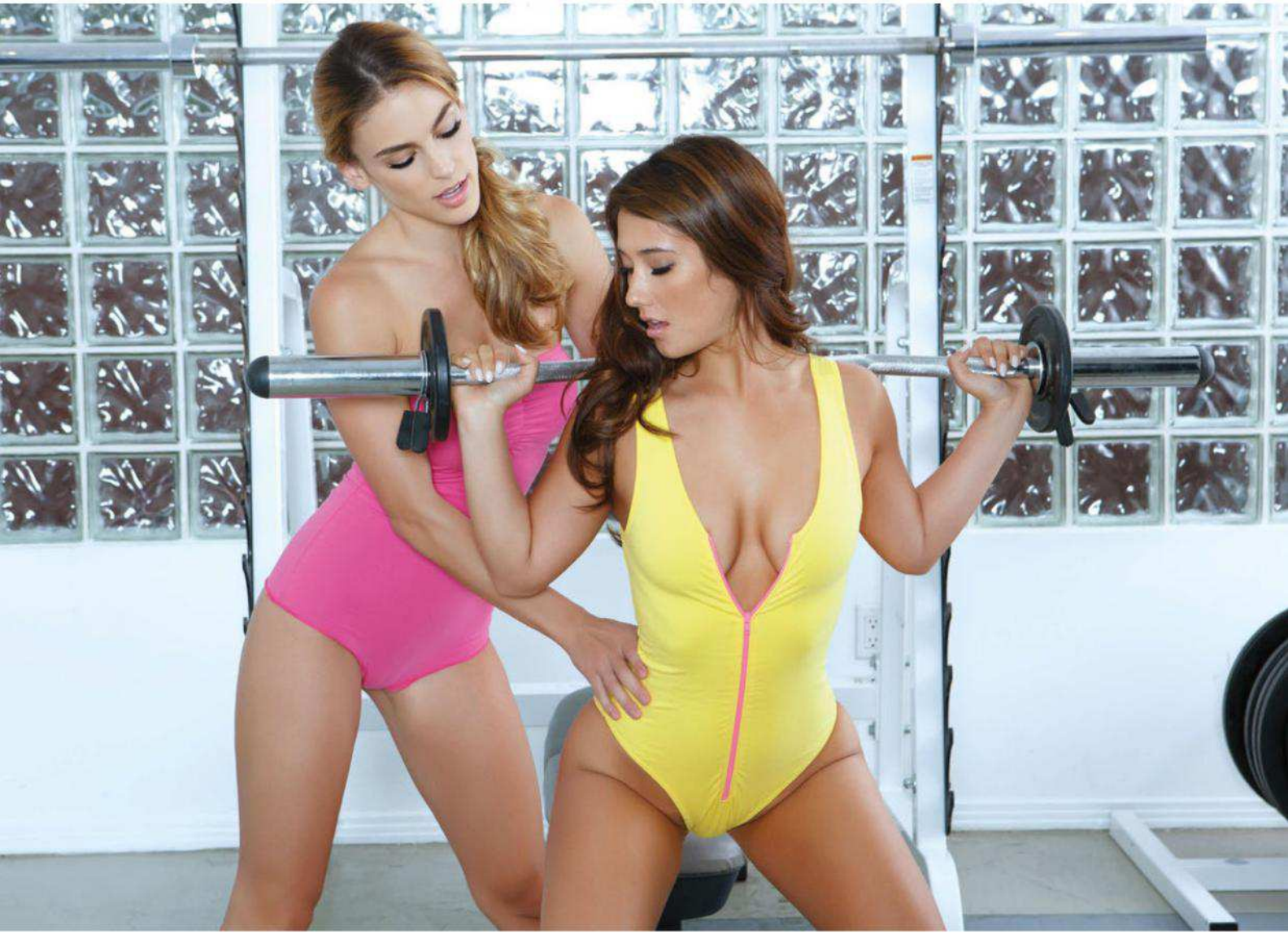
Godmama explained the liquid in the bottle is used only when you're constipated, not for getting clear.

Oh. Fuck.

Thankfully, the floodgates closed. I walked back to the table–clammy, pasty, and clearly not feeling well. "Sorry. Please continue…." I whimpered as she tentatively began her story again. Five minutes later, I felt round two. I didn't even excuse myself. I just ran. When I came back, she had paid the bill and called an Uber.

On the ride back to my place, I explained the backstory. Thankfully, she found it funny. I spent the rest of that night on the toilet, which gave me a ton of time to reflect on how far I've come since my small-town days…but how much further I still had to go.

–Sam M., Los Angeles, California



WEIGHTING GAME

Eva Lovia seems to be doing just fine with her form, but not according to Ryan Ryans. We're not entirely sure what this workout circuit is, and we're fairly confident that Ryan doesn't have NCCA accreditation, but we're gonna sit back and see where this one goes.

Photography: Tammy Sands

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RIPNDIP
must be nice
CONDOMS BY RIPNDIP
3 PREMIUM LUBRICATED
must be nice
CONDOMS BY RIPNDIP
must be nice
CONDOMS BY RIPNDIP
RIP
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HOT LINES

BY LEAH MCSWEENEY

THREE'S COMPANY

I'm a bisexual guy, and I just started dating a new girl. How do I go about telling her about my bisexuality, and how do I bring up wanting to eventually have us bring another guy into bed with us?

Wow, interesting one. Okay. Slow down…one thing at a time. Before you even think about mentioning bringing another man into bed for the both of you to share, you need to tell her you're attracted to men and like to hook up with them. Me? I would love to have a threesome with two men. All that attention! Wow. But I don't know how I would feel if my man wanted to also hook up with the guy. I'm not bi-shaming. It's just not a turn-on for me. Plus I'm a jealous bitch. Maybe your woman will be totally into it. Who knows? But you need to first tell her you are bisexual to see how she reacts, and we'll take it from there. Write in again and I'll give you the next steps! Good luck!

BREATHE AND LET GO

Hi Leah. There was this guy I almost relocated for, because he lives in another state. I made the bad decision of telling my family about him, and they were so quick to judge him without giving him a chance. I've known him for over 13 years. We had communicated through email, phone, letters, but I've only seen him and spent time with him five times or so. Things did not work as expected, and he's decided to move on. I, on the other hand, cannot let go yet. What should I do?

You can let it go. You just don't want to let it go. Give it some time. When me and my ex split, I painted my whole kitchen pink, started doing yoga, etc. I distracted myself, found some new things I liked to do. Look at this as a positive. Being in love/infatuated/obsessed with someone else is so unproductive. Now you can do you! You only met this guy five times and you were willing to relocate for him? Girl. C'mon now. Go see a therapist. Sit in that couch and get to the bottom of some of your issues. Because that dude could've been a cannibal for all you know! Imagine you went to his house and found body parts in his freezer. Find a therapist, get on Tinder and be slutty, and paint your kitchen. You will feel better in no time!

FAN BOY

Hey Leah! Big fan. I think you're amazing. I have one question. How can one fuck a woman of your caliber?

Thank you! Here are some prerequisites for fucking a woman of my caliber: have a job, don't be an asshole, accept that I am always right, never annoy me or make me feel insecure, no addiction issues, seven-inch dick plus good girth, have a high IQ level, answer all my texts within one minute, and send me flowers every time I'm PMSing. See? Simple.

CRAZY IN LOVE

I like a girl with extreme Adderall and weight issues. I'm attracted to crazy and, for some fucked-up reason, I want to try to have a relationship with her. She openly says she cannot be in a relationship now and admits that she has extreme issues, but she does nothing to change them. I'm her only hope of trying to get her to seek help, and I feel that I should tell her family, but I'm very hesitant to reach out to them because it would turn her life upside down.

Oh, sweetie. I feel for you. My heart literally aches for you. Because I have so been there. It feels like you need to save her and you're the only one who can do it. And if you save her, and she changes for you, then that means you are so fucking special because this woman turned from a total hot mess into the woman you know she can be, all because she loves you. I hate to burst your bubble, but this is called codependency. And the scariest thing is that you are sicker then she is. These relationships are addictive and intoxicating. This woman sounds like she needs a lot of help, but only she can help herself, when she's ready. Sounds like you are totally focused on her, and maybe it's easier to then not think about the things you need

FIND A THERAPIST, GET ON TINDER AND BE SLUTTY, AND PAINT YOUR KITCHEN. YOU'LL FEEL BETTER IN NO TIME!

to work on for yourself? Trust me when I say this: She will drag you down with her before you pull her up. Let this girl go. I know how attractive we crazy bitches can be, but save yourself. Find some normal pussy. This is only going to end in a complete catastrophe for you. SAVE YOURSELF AND RUNNNN!!

COUGAR HUNTIN'

I'm a 23-year-old male from the Bay Area. I'm a martial arts/boxing trainer, so I'm fit and not bad looking. Lately I've been extremely attracted to older women, but I haven't had any luck. I'm told I'm cute but that I look like a child. How can I help my odds with the older women?

So easy! I have an older woman friend who is on cougar-dating websites. All you have to do is find one and sign up. I'm sure there are plenty of older ladies ready to do some naked martial arts with you.

TWINSIES

Leah, I am a longtime reader of Penthouse *and I really need your help solving a 2017 goal of mine. I have known these twin sisters for over 25 years. I have bedded one of them, but now she has decided to go back to her ex-husband. So, how do I now get her twin into bed with me? Let me know the inside scoop on how I may accomplish this feat.*

This is the best 2017 goal I've heard so far. Fuck being a better person and saving the world and shit. I'm so curious to know if they're identical. But c'mon, man. That's fucked up. If this twin goes and fucks you, that is totally breaking SISTER CODE! Sisters should not share dick. Of course it happens by accident once in a while—yes, even to me and my sister. But this sounds way too incestuous. I mean, at that point you may as well try to have a threesome with them and step up your 2017 goals a little more!

THE FALLEN

BY MATT GALLAGHER

LET'S take a break from our regularly scheduled programming of *Fake News or Real News*? and remember a brother-in-arms who's passed on to the other side. Luis Carlos Montalván, former Army captain, decorated Iraq war veteran, prominent advocate in the vet community, and best-selling author of the memoir *Until Tuesday: A Wounded Warrior and the Golden Retriever Who Saved Him,* was found dead in an El Paso hotel room in December. He was 43.

As I write this remembrance, Luis's official autopsy results have not yet been released, though in an interview with the *New York Times* his father suggested his son's death was heart-related and not a suicide, as he'd first suspected.

Luis had a rough go of it. His memoir tracks his journey from his upbringing outside of D.C. to the University of Maryland and into the Army as a young officer. He deployed to Iraq in 2003 and again in 2005, seeing combat with the fabled 3rd Armored Cavalry Regiment (better known as the Brave Rifles), and was awarded a Purple Heart for an incident in December 2003 involving a local who attacked him with a knife. (More on that in a bit.) After leaving the military, Luis struggled with post-traumatic stress, drinking too much and often reluctant to leave his apartment, to the point of being mentally paralyzed. His life changed for the better when he was paired with a young service dog, a golden retriever named Tuesday, who helped him go outside, go back to school for a graduate degree in journalism, and become a vital voice on destigmatizing mental health issues for returning combat veterans.

(Side note: All dogs are good, many are great, but golden retrievers are the absolute, the supreme, the best. If you

PHOTO: AROYCE DEGRIE

Luis Carlos Montalván and Tuesday.

THE VETERANS' SPACE IS, UNFORTUNATELY, DEEPLY TERRITORIAL AND POLITICAL AND INVOLVES A LOT OF ALPHA AND WANNABE-ALPHA EGOS.

disagree, I WILL FIGHT YOU. Ron Burgundy–style. Anyhow.)

Luis and I were somewhere between friends and acquaintances, and all of our conversations and encounters were positive and constructive. I was one of the lucky ones in terms of the war, so seeing someone who'd gone through much darker times emerge from the abyss still intact and proud was an inspiring thing. I found his writing powerful, and the forthrightness of it turned what could've been a maudlin story about a happy, silly dog rescuing a brooding war vet from himself into real literature. It was work from the marrow, and that's always going to transcend.

To be frank, though, Luis butted heads with a lot of folks in his travels. He was candid and direct, which can quickly turn into stubborn and dick-ish. (Anyone who's a vet or who knows a vet understands this. We're an obstinate tribe, according to my wife.) The veterans' space is, unfortunately, deeply territorial and political and involves a lot of alpha and wannabe-alpha egos. Luis was a former army officer with two combat tours, not to mention a hulking physical presence. Even with a cane and a perma-smiling service dog, he wasn't about to back down from confrontation.

There was also a noisy lawsuit stemming from a 2009 incident in which Luis claimed he was denied service at a Brooklyn McDonald's because of Tuesday being in the restaurant, and then physically assaulted by two employees when he tried to film them. The suit was settled out of court.

Questions also surrounded some of Luis's experiences overseas. With the publication of *Until Tuesday* in 2011 came an Associated Press article exploring the veracity of some of the material. A few of Luis's fellow Brave Rifles who'd served with him pushed back against the details presented in his book, especially the particulars of the knife attack that led to his Purple Heart. "I don't know what's wrong with him now," one told the AP, "but the extent of his injuries when he was attacked were not as severe as he's making it out now."

That's a lot to unpack and consider, and as much as Luis built a post-military career in the court of media, he also ended up being tried in it. This definitely gnawed at him, and he believed his forceful denials of his fellow soldiers' claims didn't get a requisite amount of notice. Like the French say, *c'est la guerre*–that's the war. There's nothing fair or just about war, and there's often nothing fair or just about the retellings of what happened at war. We all try to keep to the truths, even when they're messy and ugly and confusing. But the limitations of our own vantage points and skulls are stark.

Luis's journey was like a lot of vets trying to make their way back in the world–irregular and uneven, sometimes even sliding backward, which made the bursts of upward trajectory all the more special. He fought and fought and fought to regain a life of meaning and purpose. And he attained it. To me, that matters more than anything else ever possibly could. He was an advocate, a humanitarian, a champion for the forgotten and the scorned.

He was a fellow vet. He was an inspiration. He still is, too.

And fear not, Tuesday's safe and in good hands with a family in the Northeast.

See you at Fiddler's Green, Luis.

PHOTO: ARVADA.ORG

PENTHOUSE

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EVIL BIKE CO.

BY RAPHIE ARONOWITZ

ONE day it hit me. Jesus…I'm an old, fat, miserable piece of shit. Yup, a moment of clarity. I'm not getting any younger, I'm not getting any better looking, and I'm definitely not getting any smarter, so I should at least try to make myself a little less repulsive…or get myself to a point where I don't get winded climbing out of bed. Should I start running again? Hell, no—my knees are already destroyed. Join a gym? Nah—I'll never go. Yoga? As much I as love yoga pants, that's a hard no. I needed a bike.

Exercise while commuting to work? Two birds, one cup.

Turns out, finding the right bike was tougher than I thought. Sure, there were a fuck-ton of models to choose from, but none that really suited my needs. I didn't need a mountain bike with a super-tech suspension and big aggressive tires. I didn't need a road bike with a drop handlebar and a composite front fork, and I sure-as-shit didn't need a BMX bike…regardless of how cool Pharrell thinks they are.

After a bit of research, I found the Chamois Davis Jr.—a bike designed by Evil Bike Co., an independent outfit based in Seattle. The CDJ is a commuter bike that is fast, lightweight, and sturdy—good for bombing down busy streets, but equally good for shortcuts through parks and trails. It's a true hybrid, pulling from the best design and geometry that mountain, road, and BMX bikes have to offer. I needed *this* bike…and thanks to the reckless monkeys at Evil, I was riding one in no time.

I cold-called Evil and immediately hit it off with a customer service rep named Jameson. Jameson asked me a few questions to make sure I was getting myself into the right type of ride, sized me up over the phone, made his recommendation, and shipped me the perfect road-destroying machine. No miscues, no upsell, no bullshit.

Sure, this bike performed as advertised (it may be the last bike I ever want or need). And, yes—I lost weight and gained some endurance commuting 26 miles round-trip for about a month. But I felt like a badass…and not just because the dude at my local bike shop told me the bike was sick, but because of the freedom the CDJ afforded me. I was on my own for about two hours each day—off the grid, exercising, and alone with my thoughts—seeing and appreciating the world around me from a much different perspective. I learned that there are a ton of unspoken rules of the road…but I learned this by breaking them, because no one tells you about a bike rule unless they're yelling it at you. I learned that just because a road looks flat doesn't mean that it is, and I learned that an uphill is not necessarily rewarded with a downhill. I also learned that most of Los Angeles smells like Mexican food. Yum! But most importantly, I learned that everyone is an asshole.

Customer service Jameson is an asshole because he told me 13 miles each way was no big deal and bragged that he takes the long, hilly way to work. Pedestrians are assholes because they don't watch where they're going. People in parked cars are assholes because they open their doors without looking. People driving cars are assholes because they speed up to pass you, then cut you off because they see a McDonald's drive-thru. Other cyclists are assholes because they wear too much spandex and try to wave at me like they know me. My coworkers are assholes…well…that has nothing to do with biking. I just work with a bunch of assholes.

I LEARNED THAT THERE ARE A TON OF UNSPOKEN RULES OF THE ROAD... BUT I LEARNED THIS BY BREAKING THEM, BECAUSE NO ONE TELLS YOU ABOUT A BIKE RULE UNLESS THEY'RE YELLING IT AT YOU.

The L.A. winter got pretty cold (I had to wear long sleeves for chrissake!), and biking in the rain turned out to be a horrible idea, so my stint as a bike commuter was cut a little short. But you better believe that I'll be back at it by the time this issue hits newsstands. I'm hooked. Now if I can somehow find a cure for what can only be described as sleepy pee-pee, I'll be all set. Stupid bike seat. **Chamois Davis Jr.** $1,650 evil-bikes.com

PHOTOGRAPHY: MO REESE

CAPTAIN DASHBOARD

A GADGET AND ACCESSORY STARTER GUIDE FOR BICYCLE AND COMMUTER NOVICES

By Raphie Aronowitz

NO, I didn't catch a DUI, but for about a month spanning November-December, I decided to ride my bike to work every day. Yep. Thirteen miles door-to-door, in Los Angeles rush hour traffic. Being a bike-commuter neophyte, all I thought I'd need were the basics: a bike (see Shameless Plug on page 120). I mean, I wasn't riding on the freeway or anything, and L.A. is basically 72 degrees all year, so what more could there be? Turns out, there's a whole bunch of shit. These are the things that became my must-haves.

A / Castelli Scalda Gloves
Lightweight, breathable, and yet still toasty, these stretchy ultra-fleece gloves are perfect for a mild winter. Their padded, synthetic leather palms make for a tacky handlebar grip, and the touchscreen fingertips are key.
$60; castelli-cycling.com

B / TechAway Travel Roll
This canvas trifold bag helped me keep cables and wires organized: laptop, phone, hard drive, plus all the new chargers and cords I now needed for my bike's head- and taillights. It's inexpensive, convenient, and super useful. Even without a bike.
$33; greatusefulstuff.com

C / Serfas E-Lume 450
Great value for the price, this sturdy handlebar-mounted light has four brightness settings, is quick to recharge, and stays lit for up to two hours at full blast. It helped me spot a few crackheads lurking in the bushes next to the bike path on more than three occasions.
$45; serfas.com

D / Knog Blinder Mob V MR Chips
At 44 lumens, this USB chargeable rear light is bright as fuck–it's visible from almost a mile away. The five settings and flash patterns suffice for any time of day, and the interchangeable straps allow for different sized seat posts. A full charge lasts about two hours, so if I got home in time, I could turn my living room into Studio 54.
$45; knog.com

E / Giro Sutton MIPS
Looking like a penis tip is a small price to pay for safety. This cool-weather helmet kept me warm, but it has great ventilation so I didn't overheat no matter what the temperature hit. Its MIPS technology protected my brain should I have wrecked, and the removable visor came in handy with the SoCal sun.
$100; giro.com

F / Nadkins
These "male jewels refresher towelettes" are coated in aloe vera, allantoin, and vitamin E to help reduce chafing. It also made my coworkers thankful because my office isn't equipped with a shower. Plus, I'm a fan of anything that makes my nuts happy.
$32.50/30 pack; nadkins.com

G / Castelli Velocissimo Shorts
These super comfortable padded shorts literally saved my ass. They're durable, but also lightweight and breathable; they made for a good base layer–I wore them under my jeans in lieu of underwear, because I'm too self-conscious to be seen in bike shorts.
$110; castelli-cycling.com

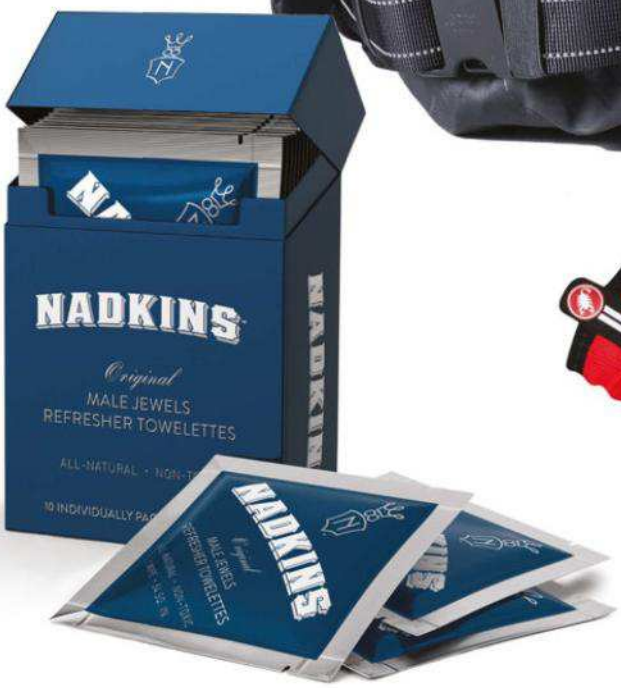
H / Showers Pass Transit Waterproof Backpack
Of course I needed a large, lightweight backpack to carry all my shit–computer, bike lock, water bottle, etc. This one's made of ballistic waterproof nylon (not that I encountered much rain), and the trim is reflective. It comes equipped with battery-powered LED beacon lights so I was lit like a Christmas tree…in more ways than one.
$264; showerspass.com

H

showers pass

D

F


NADKINS
Original
MALE JEWELS
REFRESHER TOWELETTES
NADKINS

A

DOWN UNDER, OVER, AND THROUGH

FOR a year after graduating high school, I traveled around Australia and New Zealand. I met a lot of amazing people and still keep in touch with a few. Gary was the guy that I stayed closest with, and I was even best man at his wedding last year. So when he called and asked if he and his wife could crash at my place for a week, it wasn't even something to think about.

I said yes right away, knowing my fiancée wouldn't have a problem with it. We live in a one-bedroom apartment, but we occasionally have weekend guests and it's never been uncomfortable. We sleep on the pull-out sofa and give our guests the bedroom. That's something my fiancée feels strongly about, and everyone is always so appreciative.

We prepared the room the day before they arrived, and Janie cleared out some closet space for them. She even stocked the fridge with some of their favorite snacks. She's the perfect woman—beautiful, thoughtful, and…what's the saying? "A lady in the living room, a chef in the kitchen, and a whore in the bedroom." That's her.

Halfway through their visit, I started to realize that this was the longest we'd had guests stay with us. I'd never had to go that long without blowing my load, and I was really starting to feel the, um, buildup. Sleeping in the living room meant zero privacy.

On the fifth night, I was on the verge of renting a hotel room, just to feel Janie's pussy wrapped around my neglected dick. I think she was getting frustrated, too, because she started making weird eye contact with me over dinner. I couldn't decode what she was trying to say, but when we were washing the dishes, she whispered in my ear that I should come to the bathroom with her after our guests went to sleep. BOING. My dick shot straight up before she even finished the word "sleep."

For the next two hours, I had a hard-on. I distracted myself with the movie we were watching, but then Janie would get up to fetch another bottle of wine, and I'd stare at her ass and the blood would rush right back into my cock. I'm pretty sure Gary and Natasha noticed—well, I *know* they noticed, because I didn't do anything to hide it.

After our third bottle, and as the credits were about to roll, I practically jumped up and shouted, "Well g'night guys! Early start tomorrow," in an effort to rush them off to bed.

But then Natasha suddenly said, "Janie, can you show me how to turn the jets on in the tub? I fancy a bath before bedtime."

I couldn't see straight; I was so turned-on by Janie's plan, from the lack of sex, and now the thought of Natasha all wet and slick. But I was also mad that she was foiling the plan. *I'm never having houseguests again,* I thought to myself.

NATASHA SLOWLY GOT ON HER KNEES AND TOOK MY STEEL-HARD COCK INTO HER MOUTH.

Off the two beauties went, and Gary and I watched them walk down the hallway like two guys who have been in the desert and just spotted an oasis. I realized Gary was probably feeling the same way as me, from not wanting to get busy in our apartment.

Neither of us knew what to do, so we both sat there for a few moments, listening to their giggles and the sound of water rushing into the tub. Janie came back, this time with her top off, and announced that she was joining Natasha in the tub. "Anyone want to watch?"

I didn't want to think about it, or maybe I *couldn't* think about it, since my brain was seriously lacking a blood supply right then. Gary and I both jumped up and practically stumbled over each other to get to the bathroom.

The ladies were both naked now, and helping each other step into the tub. "Christ," Gary said under his breath, "we're lucky bastards."

As they immersed themselves in the water, Natasha started giving Janie a rubdown, washing her breasts, lingering over her nipples, going lower until her hands were under water. Janie's cries of pleasure let us know exactly what was happening.

I was enjoying the show, but the pent-up sexual energy was seriously fucking with me. I had to hold my hands behind my back to keep from stroking my dick in front of Gary.

"The water is too cold now, Natasha. Let's get out."

As Natasha got up, I stared at her body. Small tits, a flat belly, and a bush that was trimmed so close you could see everything. Her body was so different from Janie's. Janie's tits were bouncy with small nipples, and she was very curvy, in all the right places.

I got myself mentally ready to say goodnight and close the bathroom door with just Janie when Natasha invited us into the bedroom.

"C'mon, honey," Janie said. "It'll be fun."

Was this really happening?

The ladies got on the bed and started to kiss. My dick couldn't take it anymore so I pulled my pants down to play with myself. Janie looked up, smiled at Natasha, and nodded. Natasha got off the bed, came over to me, and wrapped her hands around my dick. Janie went and did the same for Gary, who was also rubbing himself. Natasha slowly got on her knees and took my steel-hard cock into her mouth.

I was leaning against the wall, because at that point, I honestly couldn't hold myself up. I hadn't had another woman since Janie and I met three years ago. It was incredible. My eyes were closed as I enjoyed this amazing new sensation, when I felt Janie's lips on my mouth.

I'd never had a threesome, and the feeling of a kiss on my mouth and another on my dick was practically explosive. I opened my eyes to stall myself, and saw that Janie was still giving Gary a handjob. Her eyes were looking into mine, though, and we reassured each other that it was all okay. Then she got to her knees and took my best friend into her mouth.

It was incredibly hot, seeing her suck him off while getting my own dick polished. Then Janie's hand reached over to Natasha and started to play with her clit. Natasha's lips got tighter around my cock as my future wife found her sweet spot, and I came hard into her mouth. I didn't want to, but I was past the point of no return. Warm rockets spurted down her throat, and she swallowed all of it.

Spent, I collapsed onto the bed. Natasha was sitting up, legs spread, on top of the pillows. She told me to get on my back, and then sat on my face the second my head hit the pillow—ass crack on my nose and clit grinding against my chin. She leaned forward and started sucking my cock again. It didn't go up as fast, but I was back in business after a few minutes.

Natasha told Janie to come over and commanded her to suck my dick. My view was blocked by Natasha's ass, but I could tell from the way Janie was blowing me that Gary was fucking her from behind.

Natasha was dripping wet, and my spit was mixing with her juices, making her slippery and swollen. I slid two fingers inside her, keeping her ass spread with my other hand. She enjoyed it, but I could tell she wanted to get fucked.

I gently nudged her to change positions, and she slid off my face. Janie released me, and Natasha slowly slid my rod inside her, cowgirl style. I got the perfect view from the dresser mirror: Natasha riding me, while Janie's face was right there at her clit and my balls, licking us both when

MY VIEW WAS BLOCKED BY NATASHA'S ASS, BUT I COULD TELL FROM THE WAY JANIE WAS BLOWING ME THAT GARY WAS FUCKING HER FROM BEHIND.

she got the chance. She was still getting rammed from behind by Gary, but I knew from the way she was crying out that she was about to come.

I put my hands on Natasha's hips so I could control the speed and how deep I got, and started pounding up inside her. She loved it, and thrust back with the same intensity. I wanted to hear both women orgasm at once, so I gave her the hardest fuck I could, slamming my balls in my fiancée's face with every move.

It wasn't long before I felt a hot gush wash down my dick and balls, and the sound of the two women screaming in unison. I burst inside Natasha's throbbing pussy, holding her hips and pushing myself as deep inside her as I could.

As soon as we recovered, I booked flights to Australia for the summer. We can't wait.

–Jamey C., Hoboken, New Jersey

RUB-A-NUB

AFTER three years of dating, Roger and I recently moved in together. Our sex life is very active; I make sure he gets off once a day in some way, shape, or form. I don't deny him anything in the carnal department—other than my ass. I know that's a major thing to withhold, but physically it's impossible for me. My man's cock is too big to fit in my tiny butthole. We've attempted it several times, but all he can get past my tight pucker is the head of his thick dick.

Other than that, we love experimenting—nothing is off-limits. I feel bad about not giving Roger the one thing he wants, so I try to compensate by doing other things

to please him. A blowjob a day is one way I take care of him. In fact, that's something every woman should be doing daily for her man. Handjobs on command are another. Sometimes it takes less effort to jerk him off in the morning than to fuck him. Toys also play a big part in our lovemaking.

It was Roger's 29th birthday a few weeks ago, so we went to our favorite place to celebrate: Vegas! We go every few months and stay at the Golden Nugget. Because this trip was special, I wanted to do something unexpected. We love going to strip clubs, but I'd never been to a rub-and-tug. I'd fantasized about what goes on in one and wanted to find out. I did my research and found several happy-ending massage joints nearby. So we checked into our hotel, went for a bite to eat, then jumped in a taxi to get our happy on.

Arriving at a strip mall filled with massage parlors, we found the nicest looking one and went inside. I was immediately overwhelmed by the heavy, dank air—like a sauna. A small, older Asian lady took Roger's money at the front desk and then separated us. Two attractive Asian girls were standing behind her. Roger followed one, a pretty girl with a ponytail and bouncing breasts in a bra. The other one (no makeup, in just a T-shirt) grabbed my hand and led me down a long hallway. It all happened so fast that it was only then that I realized Roger and I wouldn't be in the same room, like with a normal couples massage.

My lady was tiny and looked to be in her mid-twenties, fresh faced with lovely skin. In a dark room, she told me to take off my clothes and lie facedown on the table. After she left me alone to undress, I did so, then climbed onto the sheet and called out for her. While waiting for her to come back, my mind wandered: What exactly was going to happen? Was I going to get a happy ending, too? I know they do it for guys, but I had no idea what they do for the ladies.

After returning, my girl placed another sheet on top of me, then climbed on the table and straddled my backside. I could feel her warm pussy on my ass cheeks through the cloth. She must be naked, I realized. Bending over, she pushed her breasts against my back as she gently tickled my arms, then sat up to massage my back. It was hard to ignore the hotness emanating from her crotch.

I was very aware of her rubbing it on me as she continued to run her hands over my body. My C-sized breasts were being squished against the table under my weight, spilling out to the sides. She found my side-boobs and cupped her hands underneath them. I lifted up until she was holding both my breasts in her hands. My nipples grew hard between her fingertips, and I felt my pussy start to tingle. She pinched them gently and continued undulating against me. Finally she came close and whispered, instructing me to turn over.

My pussy juice was dripping down the inside of my thighs. I was curious if she was going to get me off, and how? She rolled off the table and stood beside me. When I flipped over, she pulled the sheet away. I lay there in the dim light, fully exposed. Hard nipples. Hairless pussy throbbing. I wanted her to touch it so bad. Just then she leaned down and blew warm air on my pussy. I pressed my crotch towards her mouth and opened my legs. She stuck her tongue out flat and licked straight up the outline of my smooth lips to my swollen clit. She feasted there for a moment, sucking and flicking at it, teasing me. I was already breathing hard, and a small moan escaped my lips.

I grabbed her head and pulled her soft warm mouth down to my slit. Tracing my swollen outer lips with her tongue, she wiggled them open and teased at my hole as I started to slowly dribble come onto her chin. I began rolling my hips in her face, easing my drenched pussy farther down on her tongue.

Keeping eye contact with me, she leaned forward and slowly pushed her tongue deeper inside my quivering cunt, filling it. I groaned as she stiffened her tongue, thrusting it inside me further, faster. As my pussy began contracting around its silkiness, she pulled my plump lips wide

PLANTING HER WET MOUTH BACK ON MY CLIT, SHE SIMULTANEOUSLY BEGAN SUCKING IT AND FINGER-FUCKING ME TO COMPLETION.

and replaced her tongue with three fingers, sliding them inside easily. Planting her wet mouth back on my clit, she simultaneously began sucking it and finger-fucking me to completion.

I let out a muffled scream as my body went into spasms on the table. Grabbing her head, I told her to flick my clit faster as she continued to jam her hand in and out of me. Pushing her head toward my saturated gash, I filled her mouth with my juices, exploding a second time on her face.

No wonder guys go to these places! Grabbing a hand towel, she sat down with my wetness on her skin and wiped her face. "Keep this our secret," she winked. "Don't even tell you boyfriend. He'd be very jealous. We normally don't do that, but you pussy so beautiful, I had to taste it. Hope you don't mind."

"Are you kidding?" I replied, "I'll never tell a soul."

–Marisol G., Chula Vista, California

BOOK OF SECRETS

WHEN you're married for a while, things start to get a little stale in the bedroom. Don't get me wrong, I love fucking my wife, but after 12 years of eating spaghetti, sometimes I want a steak, y'know? It's not just me, either. We started seeing a therapist once a week and I'm not even the one who brought up the topic of bland sex. The therapist asked me if I'd ever read women's sex-help books, to get an idea of what my wife may want. Of course I hadn't.

Well, I picked one up and was actually surprised. All these years, I'd been approaching it all wrong. So I decided that I was gonna go all-out for our next date night. I bought her super sexy lingerie from a slutty store, some sweet-smelling massage oil, and to top it all off, a ten-inch vibrator with six glorious speeds. When I was planning the night, I had to hide from the wife so she wouldn't notice how visibly horny I was with anticipation.

Saturday arrived, and the kids went to their sleepovers. I started a hot bath and put in some fucking flower petals, because that's what the book said women like. I laid her new lingerie by the edge of the tub, and had a note already written: "Wear me." I put a glass of champagne and some strawberries on the ledge with another note that said "Eat me." I couldn't believe that I was putting so much effort into fucking my own wife, but if I'm being totally honest, it was an incredible turn-on. The delayed gratification made it extra hot.

When Brandy came into the bathroom and saw the whole scene, she couldn't stop smiling. I slowly undressed her and told her I'd be waiting for her on the bed. I closed the door and got undressed, my dick ready for action. I could hear her sloshing around in the tub, so I put the batteries in the vibrator and put a note on that: "Fuck me." Then, the last note, which went onto my cock: "Suck me." Okay, that wasn't in the book, but the whole planning stage had got me thinking about getting head.

Eternity passed before I heard the bathroom door opening, and I had to stop

myself from just going about our usual fucking routine of in, out, done. Brandy's eyes got huge when she noticed the dildo next to her pillow. Then she saw the note on my dick, and she smiled again. Meanwhile, my body was on fire. Her creamy skin in the dark lingerie almost glowed, and she felt so soft after her bath. The faint smell of the flowers from the tub water almost made her seem virginal, and the thought of fucking a tight pussy sent me over the edge. Thankfully, she wasted no time going down on me.

Her mouth was so hot, I let out a loud moan. She was going so slow, up the shaft for ten seconds, then back down to my balls with her hand gripping the base. "Do it faster! Deeper!" I begged and she obliged. I wondered if this was all it took to have her perform my every desire. I needed to know.

"Stop," I said. "Now undress for me." She started to remove her bra, and I took it from her. I yanked down her panties and gently pushed her onto the bed. She started rubbing her pussy and wriggling around, moaning and grabbing my dick with her free hand. Her peach-colored cunt was darker now, and I wanted to slide inside her, but I resisted (thank you, book). I released my cock from her hand and put my tongue on her sweet pussy lips. She was clean from the bath and tasted like sex and roses. It was delicious and amazing.

I reached for the vibrator and turned it on to the lowest setting. I pushed it inside her gently. "Mmmmmmm." That was all I needed to hear, and I started to fuck her hard with the silicone rod.

"Now you do it," I told her.

She took the dildo and was rubbing it around her clit, which was practically getting bigger by the second. My tongue was right there with it, at the opening of her love hole, licking the syrupy juices that were flowing out. She increased the vibration speed and I felt the tingling on my mouth as she twirled it in small circles over her lips and jewel button.

It was around this point that I couldn't take it anymore–I had to fuck her, had to feel her from the inside. I got on top and rammed my cock inside her. I felt myself hitting the firm spot at the top of her vagina, pulled out entirely, and did the whole thing over again. She loved it, and her voice got louder with each thrust: "Harder! Fuck me harder!" But I didn't want to give it to her just yet.

I flipped Brandy over onto all fours. I massaged her asshole with the head of my wet rod, then leisurely glided my iron-hard dick into her tight ass, and pumped a few times before sliding the vibrator into her dripping pussy. Her knees buckled from pleasure, and I had to wrap my arms around her waist to keep her at an angle that I could fuck her.

My cock in Brandy's ass was vibrating from the massive fake dick I had shoved into her box, and I couldn't hold on any longer. I released into her, and came so much it spilled out onto the bed. She orgasmed right after, my dick still inside her butt. She convulsed so hard I thought she was having a seizure. I let the vibrator stay on for a minute before slowly pulling it out of her, and she shook with each inch of the removal.

I never thought I'd say this, but I'm now the proud owner of a dozen different women's sex books.

–Paul B., Burlington, Vermont

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THE WILD ONE

BY MISH BARBER-WAY

WORKING in the California weed world means that I spend my time around farmers, business owners, sales reps, dispensary heads, and marijuana users who will all justify their beloved plant with the same closing argument: "No one ever overdosed and died from cannabis."

I always took this statement as fact. I never heard of anyone going to some fancy rehab for marijuana abuse. Had anyone on A&E's *Intervention* been addicted to weed alone? Nope. It only existed as a cute little sidebar to severe alcohol or crack habits. But we've all heard the stories: Some friend of a friend smoked too much weed and tripped so hard he drove his car into the neighbor's front porch and killed the family dog.

Every drug has a therapeutic index—the ratio between toxic and therapeutic dosing—that determines how safe the substance is. According to a study for the U.S. National Library of Medicine, marijuana has a therapeutic index of 40,000:1; in other words, you'd need to take 40,000 times the "normal" amount of weed in order to die. But that's a really, really hard thing to do.

People who overdose and die from opioids do so because the drug has caused them to stop breathing. (Morphine's therapeutic index is 70:1.) That's because opioid receptors are located in the brain stem, which also controls respiratory function. Marijuana is absorbed into the body through specific cannabinoid receptors that are part of the endocannabinoid system, which controls physiological processes like appetite, pain sensation, mood, and memory. And as most of us know, there's no way to mitigate the effects of weed; you just have to wait it out, like bad traffic.

My plan for this article was to spend the weekend trying my best to overdose on weed. But, after smoking three bowls of Blue Dream sativa, my memory flashed back to last Christmas.

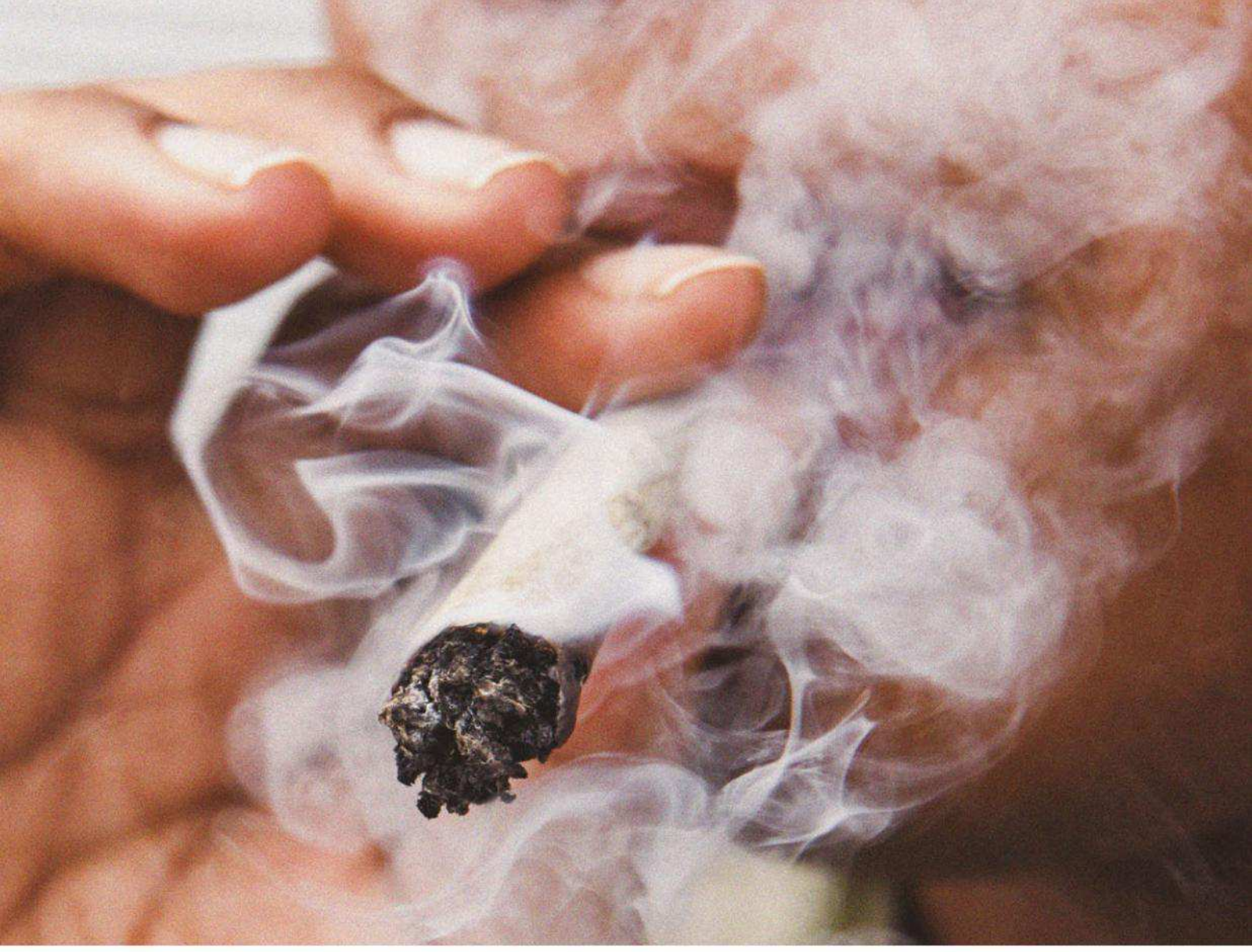
My husband was away for work, and I'd decided to stay home to write while enjoying my new favorite TreatWell 1:1 Tincture. (The ratio refers to its even amounts of THC and CBD, said to cause "the entourage effect," a near perfect high.) This was before I had become privy to the golden rule of orally ingesting cannabis concentrates: You must take edibles on a full stomach. Unlike alcohol or pills, cannabis wants to attach to the fatty acids a full stomach creates. Many people will eat a bunch of weed chocolate, feel nothing after 40 minutes, and continue to eat more. Then they go out for a burger and the minute that greasy cow meat hits their gut, they lose it and call 911.

My mistake was twofold: an empty stomach and a lack of patience. Edibles take time to kick in. That's why every single package warns the user to wait at least an hour before consuming a second helping. I was blind to the recommended dose (I've never been one to follow instructions) and dropped five little turkey basters of the tincture under my tongue in the span of ten minutes. Then I waited a few and did six more. I put on my favorite Marlon Brando movie, *The Wild One,* and sunk into the couch.

It hit when I went outside to smoke a cigarette. My body had been warming slowly, like I was a bathtub being filled with hot water. But something in the back of my head was knocking on my anxiety. In the time it took me to finish my cigarette, I went from calming tub to drowning. Paranoia and anxiety stormed in. You know how you can tell you're too stoned? When God makes an appearance. He was hanging in the Christmas lights on the balcony, talking about gluttony through the green cords.

Paralysis followed the paranoia. I became too stoned to focus. Cleaning—my go-to—was unthinkable. Watch porn and masturbate? Maybe. No. The guilt! God was still up in those

PHOTO: JUANMONINO



MY PLAN FOR THIS ARTICLE WAS TO SPEND THE WEEKEND TRYING MY BEST TO OVERDOSE ON WEED.

fucking Christmas lights. Walk around the neighborhood? I'll get killed or run over or eaten by a German shepard. I texted my husband: "You need to call me in a few hours and make sure I'm okay. I'm too stoned and it's worse than a bad acid trip."

I was too scared to do anything but sit there, listening to the nonsensical words swirling in my head on repeat like a scratched record. There were no coherent thoughts. Just sounds. My brain had become like a dog's.

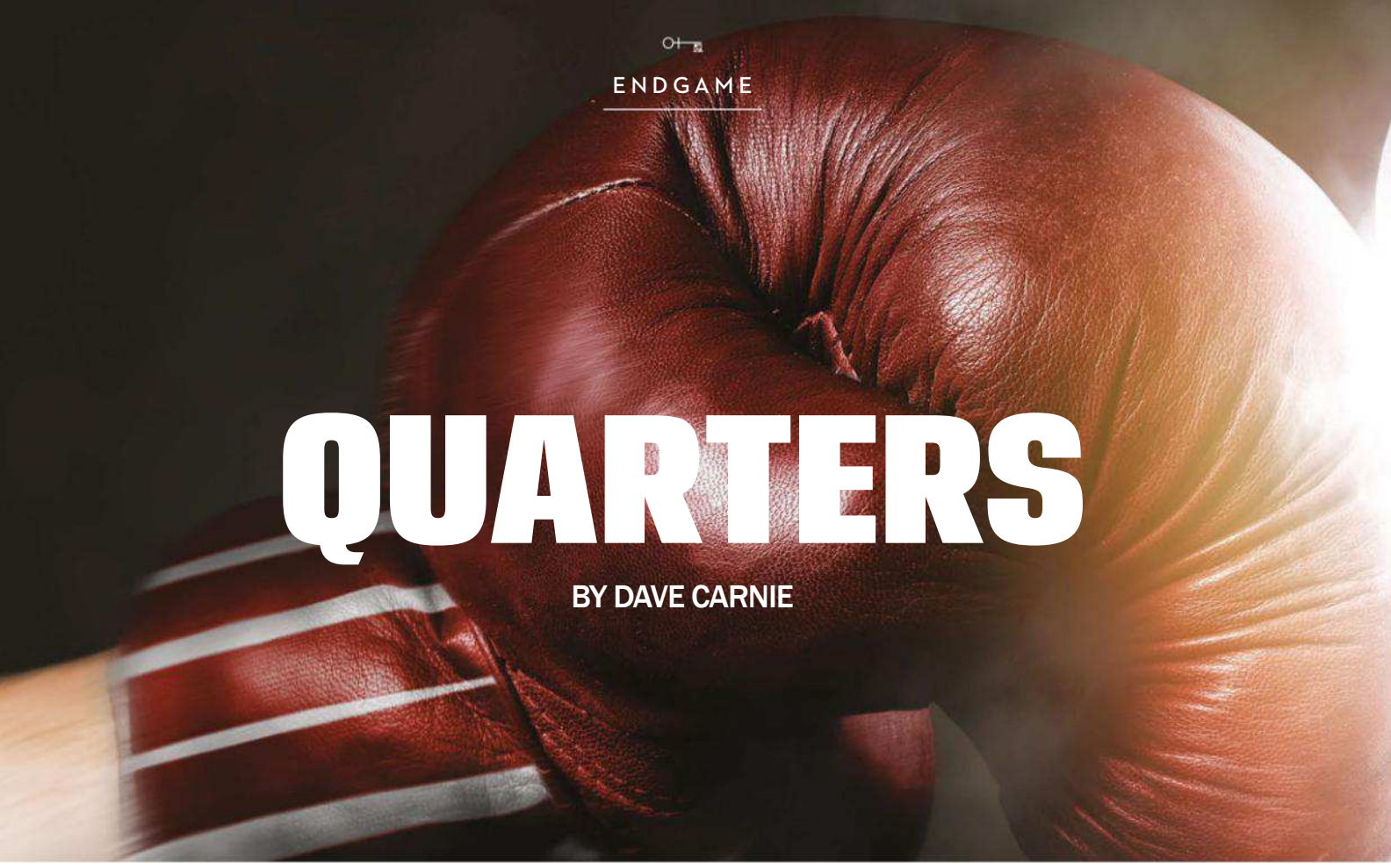
When I was younger, my friends and I used to go camping and take acid and do nitrous. A wealthy and adventurous buddy of ours had bought a tank from a sketchy dentist. We'd lay back, inhale the nitrous balloon, and the world around us would move up and down, like human breath. We'd almost die for a minute. Really, we would. Our lips would go blue, we'd tremor, and we'd begin to die. Then we'd be shot back into reality so hard we'd have to shake our heads and yelp. It was wild. And as I sat there in my acute cannabis psychosis, bound to my couch with invisible nails, I remembered how nearly killing myself with nitrous felt a thousand times saner.

My sister's boyfriend works as a 911 operator. One of the most common calls he gets is from fully grown adults who have taken too many edibles. "Their heart rate increases so they assume they are going to die," he told me. "It's a timeless 911 call."

I did not call 911. I did not call anyone. I was too afraid of my phone. I sat for ten hours, barely moving and focusing on my breath. When I woke up the next day, the anxiety clung to me like a film. I finally felt normal on Monday.

I'm not proud of it, but I haven't exactly said "no" to drugs in my life. I started young and I've tried it all. I've had my issues with heavy, addictive substances, and I'm glad I got that figured out early. Cannabis may be one of the hardest drugs to get "too high" from, and it may not cause your lungs to stop functioning, but that purgatory of paranoia, anxiety, and paralysis is its own special hell.

No. No one that I know of has technically overdosed on cannabis, but you can go temporarily insane trying. So don't do it.



QUARTERS

BY DAVE CARNIE

WHERE I come from, there are two teams that compete for political control of the country: the Red Team and the Blue Team. The Red Team hates government, yet they enjoy writing lots of laws for everyone to obey. The Blue Team, on the other hand, hates the Red Team's stupid laws, but at the same time they're big fans of big government and all kinds of big governmenty stuff.

The Red Team is the one that's in power right now. Since they enjoy drafting as many laws as they can, we should expect to see some exciting new rules and regulations created in the coming years. While the Blue Team is no slouch in writing interesting laws themselves, the Red Team is the undisputed world champion in the department of "laws that are all up in your business." They are, for instance, extremely interested in laws that involve buttholes.

The Red Team has been infatuated with the human butthole for centuries. They've drafted hundreds of laws, many of which still exist today, that intend to govern what we are allowed—and not allowed—to stick up our butts. They are currently very interested in where citizens evacuate the contents of their buttholes because, apparently, a lot of us have been leaving our dung in the wrong places.

I think all of their butthole laws are a little weird, but the Red Team is really into what enters and exits our buttholes and one simply has to accept that that's just their thing. They're red, like an angry little butthole. And while the Blue Team will surely complain that what one inserts into their butthole, and where one evacuates their butthole, is a personal matter and not within the government's jurisdiction, their impotent protests will not dampen the popularity or the immediate implementation of the Red Team's butthole laws.

This is bad news for anyone with a butthole. The Red Team might hate the government, but they are adamant about making the citizenry obey their government. And while the Red Team hates the Blue Team, they're very fond of the color blue, especially men who wear the color blue, so we should expect an escalation in enforcement as well as the construction of more privately owned prisons to house all of the "bad guys" who dare to violate their butthole beliefs.

The Red Team has not only promised to create more laws, but they have also pledged to reactivate old archaic laws that haven't been enforced in decades. These strange laws were, for the most part, created millions of years ago when dinosaurs ruled the earth, yet the authorities still find opportunity to deploy them today. And that's how I ended up in the pickle I'm in right now: I am guilty of committing a crime I am completely unaware of and I've been sentenced to death for it.

Forgive me for harboring a negative opinion toward the Red Team, but we obviously don't agree on the definition of what a crime is. In Wyoming, for instance, they think it's a crime to take a picture of a rabbit in June. In Pennsylvania, they have decided it is a crime to sleep on top of a refrigerator outdoors. To them, these are crimes, punishable by law. So I could be guilty of anything. My accusers have said very little about my alleged crime, other than that I'm guilty. They did, however, mention something about it occurring in a state that begins with the letter M.

"Which state?" I asked.

"Shut Up state," they said.

I had to admit that was a good one. "Shut Up" doesn't even begin with an M. That's funny.

Since there are eight states in the Union that begin with the letter M, and each of those states has some peculiar laws on their books, I can only imagine what I'm guilty of. I've been

racking my brain trying to remember what offense I may have committed….

This trial, or lack thereof, could, for instance, be about that time I accidentally crossed the state line in Minnesota with a duck on my head. I now know it was wrong, I'm not trying to absolve myself of my debt to society, but I thought we cleared that up with all those fines I had to pay?

Maybe this is about the dog I put in the altitude decompression chamber in Michigan? I had no idea that was illegal until just recently.

And I suppose the people of Mississippi are still upset about me teaching polygamy at the university. In my defense, I wasn't condoning it, I was merely explaining the subject to my students, but apparently a small group of them thought it sounded like a good idea. I understand those weirdos are still living together?

Or, how was I to know that I couldn't have more than three sandwiches at a wake in Massachusetts? Once the judge explained it, sure, the ordinance made total sense, but put up a fucking sign or something. Jesus.

Oh, and my deepest apologies to the people of Missouri, but I was sitting on the curb drinking beer out of a Home Depot bucket because that's all I had. Again: Sorry.

Maybe this is about the time I brought my cat to see a movie in Baltimore? What am I supposed to do, leave the King of the Jungle at home? Alone? Are you fucking crazy? (For the record, he wasn't a lion, he was a Pallas's cat. RIP Gary.)

I thought everyone forgot about the incident in Montana—what's up Excelsior Springs!—where I allegedly "worried a squirrel." For the record: I was just trying to hose the thing out of the fucking tree. That lady made a real stink over that, so she's probably made sure everyone remembers what a horrible person I am. "Never forget!"

And while I'll be the first to admit that I'm not very good at playing the violin while walking down the street, I didn't think my performance warranted a statute that outlaws the practice in the entire state of Maine. I find it hard to believe that my good neighbors up north are still mad about that.

WHILE THE BLUE TEAM IS NO SLOUCH IN WRITING INTERESTING LAWS THEMSELVES, THE RED TEAM IS THE UNDISPUTED WORLD CHAMPION IN THE DEPARTMENT OF "LAWS THAT ARE ALL UP IN YOUR BUSINESS."

Frankly, I have no idea what I did to offend the Red Team. This trial could be for any one of those things, or any of a dozen other crimes, infractions, offenses, felonies, misdemeanors, sins, boo-boos, and no-nos that I may or may not have committed during my lifetime. It doesn't really matter at this point: I'm guilty, and that's that.

What's bothering me, though, is why they have five horses out for me for this. That doesn't make any sense. I mean, I've only got four limbs.

PHOTO: ISTOCK/ERHUI1979

SHANNON WILLIAMS
PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH, NOVEMBER 1991

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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.

★★★★★

★★★★★

After sipping some champaign, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.

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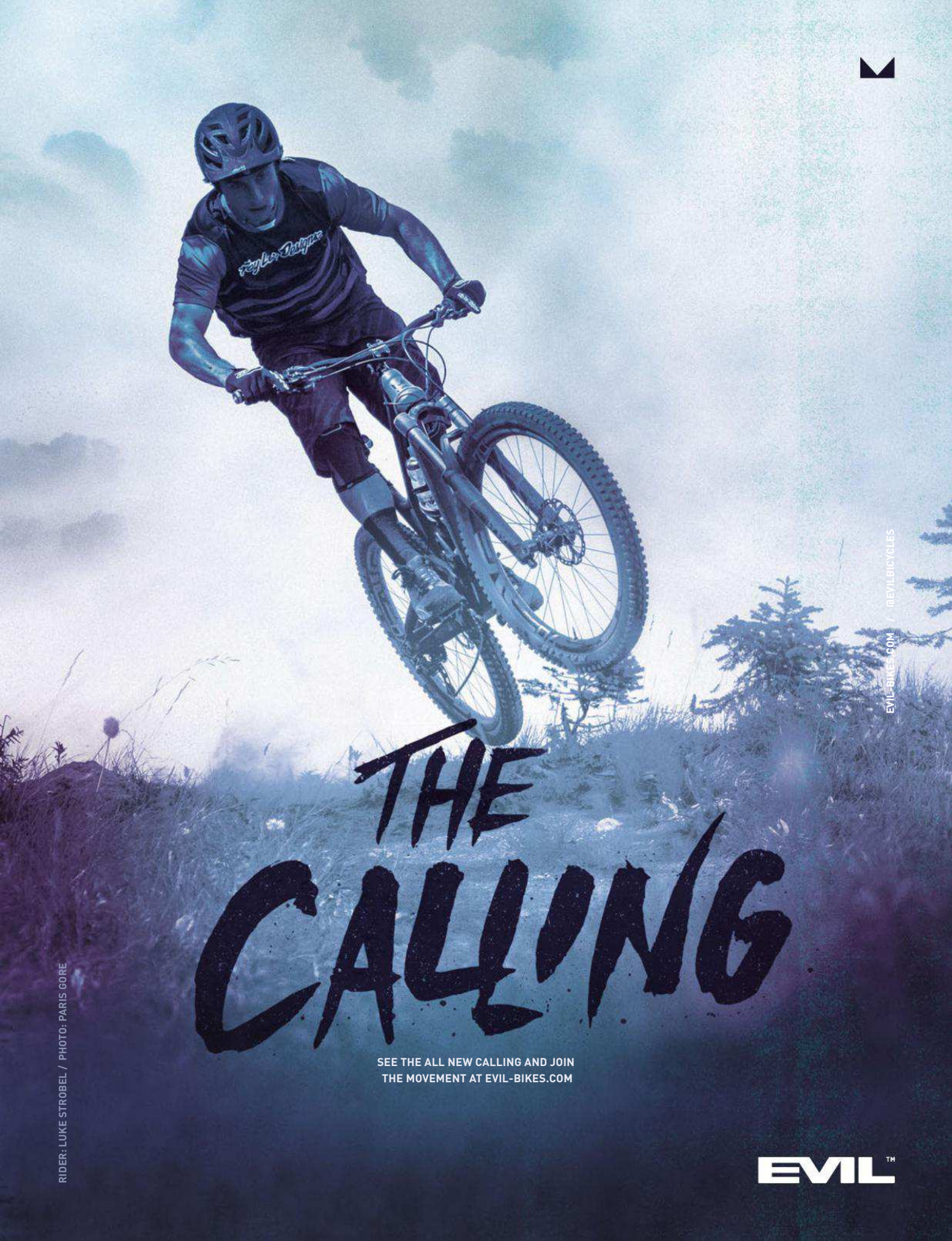
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